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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1932

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Space, the Eternal Parent

IF we know what space and time are, it is not because anyone has been able to tell us,—least of all the philosophers and dictionaries, though their failure is not from lack of trying. At the foundation of every logical system of thought, there must be "undefinables", in terms of which other things may be defined, but which themselves escape definition. The earth may rest upon the turtle, and the turtle may rest on the void, and perhaps someone may tell us on what the void rests; but go back in this way as far as we will, there is still something left without specified support; and so it is with definitions and all mental processes. Ultimately all rest upon something beyond definition and untouched by analysis,—something which the mind must take on faith, or not at all; and both the virtue of the mind and the validity of its logic depend upon its complete submission and undeviating obedience to the alien authority of its accepted premises. There is nothing more determinative of a man's thinking, therefore —and few things to which he gives less thought—than the nature of his "undefinables" and tacit assumptions; for they are the loyalties to which his mental life adheres. The fact that our notions of time and space are instinctive and unformulated, rather than reasoned and defined, may thus make them the more, rather than the less, far-reaching in their effects, so that their colouring spreads to our whole view of life and being.

But also it works the other way. Our mental concepts are more the creatures of our desires, and more utilitarian in their origin, than we usually care to recognize, for as the will is pointed, so is the mind turned; and whatever be our approach to life as a whole will be reflected in our view of space and time. To the natural mystic, they are but illusions, part of that Maya, "the one Sakti of Atma", which is the cause of all manifestation, and which, like a veil, must be put aside before the real can be faced. To the materialist, on the other hand, they are indissolubly involved in his very concept of reality. In the "Proem" of *The Secret Doctrine* it is space and motion, rather than space and time, that

are taken as basic; but basic only for manifestation, as twin symbols of two aspects of "the one absolute Reality which antecedes all manifested, conditioned being", the one representing bare subjectivity, the other unconditioned consciousness. The opening Stanza sets forth the same intuition: "The Eternal Parent (Space), wrapped in her ever invisible robes, had slumbered once again for seven eternities. Time was not, for it lay asleep in the infinite bosom of duration."

To call Space "the Eternal Parent", certainly does not define it; but it does offer a graphic image to help us to understand how, from what is both "limitless void" and "conditioned fulness", the manifested universe is brought forth; so that Space becomes for us the symbol of "the eternal, ever present cause of all—the incomprehensible Deity, whose 'invisible robes' are the mystic root of all matter." Space, we are told, "is the *one eternal thing* that we can most easily imagine, immovable in its abstraction and uninfluenced by either the presence or absence in it of an objective Universe. It is without dimension, in every sense, and self-existent. Spirit is the first differentiation from THAT, the causeless cause of both Spirit and Matter."

THE SPACE OF PHYSICS

It is interesting to consider, against such a background of theosophic teaching, the ideas that have been gaining favour and currency in modern physics. The dematerialization of matter, which has increasingly marked physical science since the beginning of the present century, and has now become all but complete, has had, as its unexpected obverse, the curious effect of steadily materializing the physicist's concept of space. Matter has been resolved into immaterial quanta, or localized energy, but the familiar properties of matter nevertheless persist. These properties could scarcely be left, loose and orphaned, with no one and nothing responsible for their support and behaviour. The nearest precedent for such a situation is recorded in the adventures of Alice,—that storehouse of precedents for recent physics,—for it will be remembered that when the Cheshire cat faded away, it left its grin behind. To whom or to what did the grin then attach? The physicists answer the question with admirable logic. If the grin is there in space and nothing else, then the grin pertains to space and nothing else; it is space itself which grins. The properties of matter, which do not seem susceptible to interpretation as mere statistical averages, have been thus bodily transferred and listed as properties of space. Heretofore, for example, gravitational attraction has been universally attributed to matter; the most modern modernists would now have us regard it as a quality of space; and this is typical of what is taking place in the reinterpretation of a whole range of physical phenomena. Rejecting, as the vast majority of physicists have persisted in doing, any consideration of spirit, or any attribution of consciousness to the objects of their study, when matter fails them, only space is left, to carry the full burden of reality and at the same time to manifest its transient aspects. The "Eternal Parent" has not escaped the general lot of parents: it is being considerably imposed upon by its progeny.

From the theosophic point of view there is clearly something amiss with this procedure. To Theosophy, as we have just seen, space stands as the symbol of one of the twin aspects of "the eternal, ever present cause of all", from which differentiation and manifestation arise. Over against it, "the mystic root of matter", stands the opposite pole from matter, consciousness or spirit; but space itself, like that of which it is one of the two first derivatives and symbols, is, by reflection, infinite and eternal, and, *on its own side of being*, in the same manner, must include all its own derivatives and aspects. There can be no substance outside of space, nor can there be any property pertaining to substance whose potentiality is not present in space. For this reason no individual property of matter can be predicated of space itself as a whole. As Lao-Tze observes in *The Book of the Path of Virtue*, "When the world speaks of Beauty as being beautiful, ugliness is at once defined. When Goodness is seen to be good, evil is at once apparent." There cannot be ascribed to the whole, one only of the opposites that the whole alike contains. If space be a true symbol of the subjective side of being, it must be because it is capable of manifesting, from within itself, true symbols of the subjective side of all that is or can be, revealing their properties by the very absence of kindred properties of its own, which it contains as potentialities, not possessing as actualities. There was no difficulty for physics in attributing definite characteristics to matter, for their opposites could characterize non-matter, and there was ample room in space for both. But if attributes be attributed to space itself, and a realm of non-space be thereby at once defined through the opposites of these attributes, physics is logically forced either to disclaim all interest in these opposites (regarding them as outside its field, as it now regards goodness, and purpose and consciousness), or else it must take account of this non-spatial realm, and realize that it has so broadened its field as to transcend space. To attribute a definite spatial property to the whole realm of space is like attributing a definite colour to the whole realm of colour. If colour itself be green, what is one to do with red?

The fact seems to be that whereas the older physics explicitly limited its field to the phenomena of space and time, the newer physics has found it necessary, in seeking to explain these phenomena, to transcend both space and time. Were this all, we should be in whole-hearted accord with the newer procedure; for Theosophy has ever held that the outer world of space and time and matter was passive rather than active, and so not causal in itself nor capable of explaining itself, but doing no more than reflect the inner realities of spirit and consciousness, where alone true causality is reached. Our quarrel is not with the transcendence of space, had it indeed been achieved, but with the blind and fallacious expedients by which it has been at the same time attempted and dissembled. The physicist will not tell you that he is calling upon spaceless things to explain the things of space; nor does he think this is what he is trying to do. That is what we see as the purpose of his procedure, but not how he sees it himself. He will tell you only that he has enlarged his ideas of space, so that now, instead of three, it may have four or five or any number of dimensions, and that what he had thought of as space in the past was but a cross section, or

level, of the larger space with which he now deals. He has substituted the space of mathematics for the space of classical physics, without pausing to reflect that though they be called by the same name, they may derive from opposite poles of being. It seems important that the doubt which is here raised should be faced, even if it cannot be resolved. The space of the older physics, the space of which *The Secret Doctrine* speaks as the "Eternal Parent", whose "invisible robes are the mystic root of matter", is presented to us as symbolizing, with spirit, the first derivative from Unity. The space of mathematics, particularly the space of its hyper-geometries of many dimensions, may be no more than a schematic device for exhibiting our perceptions of the variations in the properties of things,—an abstraction from multiplicity rather than a derivative from unity. And if such a difference in origin were substantiated, the hypothetical possibility of which we have at least to grant, would it not, beneath the same surface appearance, compel an opposite movement of the understanding in its search for explanations? In the one case the current would flow from space to things; in the other, from things to space. When we speak of "the fourth dimension of space", are we speaking of something which can rightly be regarded as pertaining to the "Eternal Parent" and "mystic root" of matter, to the space of philosophy and physics; or are we actually speaking of some non-spatial property of things, of which we form an abstraction and then project back upon our concept of space?

The Fourth Dimension

There are very interesting passages in one of Madame Blavatsky's letters to Mr. Sinnett which bear upon this question. In Letter No. CXIX, Madame Blavatsky is concerned to correct certain misunderstandings regarding the fourteen *lokas* and *talas*, which interpenetrate one another without intermingling, because they are of different natures—as sound and colour and fragrance could interpenetrate one another, and be present together, without intermingling—and is thus led to discuss worlds of different dimensionalities.

> These are worlds—to their respective inhabitants as much *solid* and *real* as our own is to us. Each of these, nevertheless, has *its own nature*, laws, senses—which are not *our* nature, laws or senses. They are not in space and time *for us*, as we are not in space or time for them, as the 3-dimensional world suspects the four dimensional, so the latter suspects the existence of our *lower* world. But this 3 and 4 dimensional calculation must not lead you into the belief that Zollner's theory applies to *Mahar*, that "world" which is next to ours, higher than ours, *in* ours (for of a different nature). . . . It made Master always laugh when he heard the "knots" made on a sealed rope or the *passage of matter through matter* referred to as the result of the action of a "4 dimensional space", when "dimension" has nothing to do with it, and that such dimension is a faculty of *our* matter—as the physicists and chemists know it, and not anything pertaining to one of the "Worlds".

A foot note here adds:

> The 4th dimension is developing now because we are in the 4th

Round, and by correspondence the 5th, 6th, and 7th are to a degree latent in our Round.

We may profitably compare with this a paragraph from *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, pp. 250-252, Ed. 1888), which deals with the same theme:

> This means that every new Round develops one of the Compound Elements. . . . Thus the First Round, we are taught, developed but one Element, and a nature and humanity in what may be called one aspect of Nature—called by some, very unscientifically, though it may be so *de facto*, "One-dimensional Space". The Second Round brought forth and developed two Elements—Fire and Earth—and *its* humanity, adapted to this condition of Nature, if we can give the name Humanity to beings living under conditions unknown to men, was—to use again a familiar phrase in a strictly figurative sense (the only way in which it can be used correctly)—"a two-dimensional species". The processes of natural development which we are now considering will at once elucidate and discredit the fashion of speculating on the attributes of the *two*, *three* and *four* or more "dimensional Space"; but in passing, it is worth while to point out the real significance of the sound but incomplete intuition that has prompted—among Spiritualists and Theosophists, and several great men of Science, for the matter of that—the use of the modern expression, "the fourth dimension of Space". To begin with, of course, the superficial absurdity of assuming that Space itself is measurable in any direction is of little consequence. The familiar phrase can only be an abbreviation of the fuller form—the "*Fourth dimension of Matter in Space.*"[1] But it is an unhappy phrase even thus expanded, because while it is perfectly true that the progress of evolution may be destined to introduce us to new characteristics of matter, those with which we are already familiar are really more numerous than the three dimensions. The faculties, or what is perhaps the best available term, the characteristics of matter, must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, colour, motion (molecular motion), taste and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and by the time that it fully develops the next characteristic—let us call it for the moment Permeability—this will correspond to the next sense of man—let us call it "Normal Clairvoyance"; thus when some bold thinkers have been thirsting for a fourth dimension to explain the passage of matter through matter, and the production of knots upon an endless cord, what they were really in want of, was a *sixth characteristic of matter*. The three dimensions belong really but to one attribute or characteristic of matter—extension; and popular common sense justly rebels against the idea that under any condition of things there can be more than three of such dimensions as length, breadth, and thickness. These terms, and the term "dimension" itself, all belong to one plane of thought, to one stage of evolution, to one characteristic of matter. So long as there are foot-rules within the resources of Kosmos, to apply to matter, so long will they be able to measure it three ways and no

[1] A note quotes from Bin's *Logic:* "The giving reality to abstractions is the error of Realism. Space and Time are frequently viewed as separated from all the concrete experiences of the mind, instead of being generalizations of these in certain aspects."

more; and from the time the idea of measurement first occupied a place in the human understanding, it has been possible to apply measurement in three directions and no more. But these considerations do not militate in any way against the certainty that in the progress of time—as the faculties of humanity are multiplied—so will the characteristics of matter be multiplied also. Meanwhile, the expression is far more incorrect than even the familiar one of the "Sun rising or setting".

Outer Symbols of Inner States

Let us see if we can find some simple illustrations that may make these ideas clearer to us. Suppose that some elementary being were so constituted, or so fixed in contemplation of the divine, that the only variation in consciousness it could experience was the variation in the fervour of its own aspiration. This variation of its inner state, as its ardour flamed or grew cold, might well appear to it as due to changes in external temperature—its own inner condition being first projected out and then reflected back—as though a rudimentary organism had sensitiveness to cold and heat as its only faculty. The changing states of such a consciousness could be quite adequately represented "spatially", or geometrically, by a point moving up and down in a vertical straight line,—which is, in fact, the way in which we do represent and measure temperature, by the position of the end of the column of mercury in a thermometer. As we need only to know or measure one thing in order completely to determine the consciousness, we can speak of it as "one-dimensional"; and similarly the straight line, each of whose points symbolizes some possible inner condition of the consciousness, we can speak of as its "one-dimensional world", or "space".

Suppose, next, that the organism (it may make it more concrete to use that term) so develops as to gain perception of weight as well as of temperature. Weight and temperature are of different nature, in that each can vary without affecting the other, and therefore they can "interpenetrate without intermingling",—that is, the same consciousness can experience, or the same body possess them both, without their cancelling or in any way interfering with each other. We would now call the being "two-dimensional", since its inner state depends upon two factors; and to represent this outwardly would require a space of two-dimensions,—such as a plane, which we could illustrate by the page containing these words. Distances up and down the page would represent temperature, as before, and distances right and left would represent weight. Any point or position on the page, then, would correspond to some possible inner state of the organism, the two distances determining this point corresponding to the two sense-factors determining the consciousness.

In like manner we can take the third step, and assume, let us say, that to fervour of spirit and labour of will there is added the dew of grace, our rudimentary organism becoming sensitive to degrees of moisture as well as to temperature and weight. This gives it a third dimension, which again can be symbolized spatially by the motion of a point along a line (or distances measured upon it), provided we can find a direction in which to draw this third line so as

not to interfere with the other two. Looking into the corner of a room, where the two walls and the floor come together, we see how to do this. The three independent factors or "dimensions" of the consciousness (or, if we prefer, "faculties of perception", or "characteristics" of things perceived), may be represented by three independent distances measured (a) up from the floor, (b) out from the left-hand wall, and (c) out from the right-hand wall. These distances are independent because the directions in which they are measured are at right angles to one another. A point moving vertically up and down, for example, varies only its distance from the floor, without in any way altering its distances from the two walls. If the line were not perfectly vertical, but slanted somewhat, as the point moved up it would also move in or out from one of the walls; and this would vitiate the symbolism, as it would imply that temperature could not change without a simultaneous change in weight or moisture.

Having thus reached three "dimensions", it is generally assumed that the resources of space, as we know it, are exhausted. Try as we may, there is no finding a fourth direction that will be at right angles to the three we already have. Our space is definitely "three-dimensional" in the sense that any point or position in it definitely determines—and is determined by—three independent distances. The totality of positions, therefore, corresponds to the totality of possible states of a three-fold consciousness, or all possible conditions of bodies having three distinct characteristics.

To those who are used to thinking in terms of correspondences, imagination easily suggests a reason for this limitation. Unity becomes manifest by becoming a trinity; there must be the thing itself, and its inner and its outer aspects; there must be substance and consciousness and what lies behind both; and when this is achieved, there is individual, independent existence, corresponding to a definite position in manifested being, or in "space".

Nevertheless, as H.P.B. reminds us and as we know very well for ourselves, consciousness has more than three faculties, and external bodies, or "matter", more than three characteristics; and therefore when we wish to symbolize a fourth, as we have already symbolized three, we are embarrassed by the fact that all possible points or positions in our space are already engaged. The mathematician ordinarily overcomes this difficulty by calmly inventing a "higher" space of his own, with which he deals through the correspondence between number and form, algebra and geometry. To the mathematician, the line, or "space of one dimension", is nothing but a geometrical way of expressing the totality of values that can be assumed by one variable (x); the "spaces" of two and three dimensions are similarly the totality of values that can be assumed respectively by the pair of variables (x, y) and the triad (x, y, z), —any definite assignment of values corresponding to some definite "point" or position. There is no least difficulty to him, therefore, in the addition of a fourth variable, defining a "point" in "four-dimensional space" as any set of four definite values given to these four variables. The geometry of such four dimensional spaces can be deduced from the algebraic relations of sets of fours,

just as ordinary solid and plane geometries can be deduced from the algebra of sets of three and two, and in each case it is obvious that the higher space transcends and includes all those of lower dimensions.

Hyper-Space: Detachment and Transcendence

It is this transcendence and inclusion of the lower worlds by those of higher dimensionality which has appealed to popular and scientific imagination as offering a geometric explanation of phenomena which otherwise seem paradoxical or miraculous. In essence the explanation is always the same, and is very simple. It is that a consciousness, or being, or thing, of higher dimensionality may continue to exist while wholly withdrawn from the characteristics or "spaces" of lower dimensionality, which may be entered or left at will. The actual basis of all these phenomena is the power of *detachment.*

Two of the classic illustrations will serve to make this clear. Suppose a continuous line drawn around the print on this page (between the print and the margin)—and lay a penny on the page inside this line. If the penny remains on the page—in the "two-dimensional world" of the plane of the paper—it cannot get off the print and onto the margin, outside the line, without crossing the line; so if the line were impenetrable the penny would be imprisoned. But you, capable of moving your hand in the "higher" world of three dimensions, can pick up the penny, taking it quite out of its space, and lay it down again on the margin of the page, free of its "prison". For the other example, draw a spear head, in the shape of two equal triangles with their longest sides together, running up and down the page; their next longest sides sloping down to right and left from the point; and their shortest sides coming together again at the bottom. Now despite the fact that these two triangles are equal, having their corresponding sides equal, there is no shifting them around in the plane of the paper so as to make them fit one upon the other. They are oppositely polarized. In order to make them fit you have to fold the paper over; that is, you have to lift one of them outside its own space, turn it over, and bring it back again reversed. There is no reversing it while keeping it in its own plane,—and this, if we reflect upon it, has profound practical and spiritual significance. The same powers, to enter or leave a closed room, to free from confinement, and to reverse polarity, must be possessed by any higher order of being in relation to those of lower order,—as Christ came to Thomas, "the doors being shut"; as Peter was released from prison by the angel; as Saul was "lifted up" and brought back converted.

These powers are often spoken of as though they pertained peculiarly to "four-dimensional space". As H.P.B. points out, and as we should now be able to see, that is not at all the case. "Dimensions" enter in only as a rather clumsy way of expressing a power of detachment and transcendence—a power of the spirit; and so, since matter reflects spirit, a potential characteristic of matter, even of "our matter—as the physicists and chemists know it."

Let us return to our own space, which we abandoned for the hyper-space of the mathematicians because it appeared that its resources had failed. As a

matter of fact they had not failed at all. The "Eternal Parent" has other progeny than "points"; and the limitation of which we had become conscious (and which so discouraged us) was no more than the limitation upon the number of independent characteristics that can be symbolized simultaneously by the mere position of a point. We observed that there might be good reason for this limitation,—that with the triad there could be definite individuality, giving definite position in the manifested world. But bare individuality may be taken as the beginning, rather than the end, of development and enrichment of consciousness; and, similarly, mere position in space may be regarded as the very commencement of spatial representation, which may thence be elaborated in endless ways. To choose one obvious and simple extension, suppose we surround each point with a sphere, which has the point for its centre but whose radius can vary, so that the sphere can expand or contract. The size of this sphere, or the length of its radius, could symbolize a fourth faculty of an organism, or fourth property of matter. The totality of all such spheres—their centres at all points in our space, and their radii of all lengths—would constitute a "four-dimensional" world, capable of representing outwardly a "four-dimensional" consciousness. Our own familiar space, which is so definitely three dimensional in points, is quite as definitely four-dimensional in spheres; and the equations which the mathematician establishes between his sets of four variables, can apply indifferently to the "points", in which a purely mathematical space is made "four-dimensional", or to the "spheres", in which our own space is four dimensional.

Moreover, these spheres, of movable centres and varying radii, can be interpreted so as to symbolize the same phenomena of transcendence and inclusion of lower "spaces" as we have already considered. If we reduce all the radii to zero, the spheres all shrink to points,—so the world of spheres includes the world of points. But it also transcends it; for between spheres of different radii can exist relations of greater or less, inclusion and exclusion, in whole or in part, which have no correspondence in the relations between what are merely points or positions. In the varying radii of the spheres, therefore, we find the basis for the transcendence, and by use of this power of variation we should be able to parallel the passage of matter through matter, or the escape from confining walls.

To furnish an illustration, suppose that we have blown, by the trick of a double pipe, two soap bubbles of different size, the one within the other; and let us suppose, further, that by some other trick, we can vary at will the radius of the inner bubble, even reducing it to zero. Picture this inner bubble moving up to the larger one which surrounds it, until it just touches it at a single point,—the spheres being "interiorly tangent" to each other at that point. Then let the inner sphere shrink, by bringing its centre nearer and nearer to this point of contact (the radius steadily diminishing). When the centre reaches the point of contact, the sphere itself will have disappeared, having been reduced to a point, its radius zero; but if the motion of the centre continues along the same line, the sphere will reappear, steadily growing larger, but now outside the

second sphere where before it was inside. Whenever it chooses, it now floats away.

By becoming first little, and then nothing, it has become free.

The Space-Time of Relativity

We can scarcely leave our theme with no reference to the "space-time" of modern relativity theory,—though it really concerns us little here. It is, of course, a "four-dimensional" manifold, treated mathematically as a four-dimensional geometry; so that "here-now", or "there-then", is each given or determined by the values assigned to four variables,—three determining position in space, and one in time. There is nothing new in this, so far. To fix an event, for instance, we have always had to locate it both in time and space; but the older physics made these locations separately, and considered them as independent of each other, whereas now the newer physics ties them together in interdependence,—so that as one varies, the other varies also. One way of approaching the newer point of view, is to press home the question of just what can be meant physically by "now" in some distant place. One looks out over a valley and sees the flash of a sportsman's gun. A few seconds later one hears the sound of the shot. Later still, perhaps, comes the faint odour of powder smoke. Our different senses report at different times, these different aspects of what must be supposed to be one and the same event. Each of the reports, even the swift report of light, has taken time to reach us. Can the *present* ever be experienced in a distant place? It was once thought that gravitation acted independently of time, connecting "here" and "there" in one now; but to-day this is not the theory, and it is believed that gravitation acts with the same speed as light. Thus there is no longer the assumption of any instantaneous *physical* connection between distant points in space, and so the modern physicist says that he does not know what "now" is at a distance, but only what it is "here"; and in consequence that his actual physical picture of time and space admits of no level "now" plane, giving the same time all through space; but rather that the representation must be such that, as one moves from point to point in space, time changes also. Instead of level planes, like the plane of the floor, one must have something akin to bowl-shaped surfaces,—where, as one moves out (in space), one must also move up (in time). But let us note that though the mathematical equation of such a warped space requires that time should appear explicitly, so that four variables are in evidence, the equation itself imposes a restriction upon their variation. In consequence this space is still of only three dimensions, and gives no greater freedom than the "flat" space of the older physics, from which time is eliminated by being made zero in a simultaneous "now".

It is a fallacy to suppose that freedom can be gained by the mere acquisition of new faculties which are bound up and conditioned by the old. Freedom comes only from the detachment that gives independence to each.

Before the Veil

What have we to gain by looking thus at our notions of space and time,

trying to become more clearly conscious of the nature of the "undefinables" lying at the foundation of manifested being? Perhaps there is no answering this question, until we have looked again and again, and each time more deeply, —as one who sets out upon an unknown sea cannot know what he will find beyond its retreating horizons. But if it be true that "God geometrizes", it may be that we shall find in space the figures God has traced,—figures which have been there all the time, but upon which our eyes have not focussed. Implicit in the whole cosmogenesis of *The Secret Doctrine*, is the view of the outer world of space and time and matter as but the outer projection or reflection of the inner world of spirit and consciousness and will; and therefore what a man receives back from his environment originates within himself. The "faculties" and qualities of the spirit appear as the "sense-perceptions" of the organism reflecting the "characteristics" of matter; and the "mystic root" of all matter is in the "invisible robes" of space. Surely then, if we could but read its symbols rightly, looking into the depths of space, we should find reflected the face of spirit; and from the things of space gain knowledge of the soul. Perhaps, as Plato would have banished all poets from his Republic, since they but imitated imitations of Reality, so we, for the same reason, may need to be chary of accepting too readily the spaces of the mathematicians; but at the knees of the "Eternal Parent", we may safely take whatever she may give. Even in the little time that we have spent there, she has shown us lessons that we sorely need to learn: the power of detachment and the magic of humility and the way of freedom and transcendence; the realization that however compassed about we may be, however beset and imprisoned in self or its moods, we are still open to all above us, and that there is the means of escape; the perception that if our will or life be wrongly polarized, we have but to be "lifted up" to have its polarity reversed; and the recognition that if our lot, our "space", seem to us of lower order than that of others, or than we think we need, it can only be because we have not yet seized upon the true elements of its richness. Everywhere and in everything is the Eternal and the Infinite.

There are vast worlds all placed away within the hollows of each atom, multifarious as the motes in a sunbeam.—YOGA VÂSISHTHA.

FRAGMENTS

O THOU transcendent Beauty, effulgent glory of the Infinite, we kneel dazzled, breathless, in the Presence we desire.

Stricken by our love of thee, it is that love which still sustains our life, as thy nearness overpowers us.

Unquenchable is the flame within our hearts because it is a spark from thee.

The more we die of desire of thy perfections the greater grows our desire, consuming us in a fire where our passion answers thine own.

O Beauty beyond our thought, O sweetness so sweet that beside thee all else is bitterness, make us eternally to die of thee, yet in that dying make us also live, that we may know the ecstasy of which we die.

We wrap thy flames about us as a garment; we are drawn closer, closer into the white heat of thy radiance.

Cold as ice thou art, a cold that burns as never heat could burn, burns with white heat of glittering ice and snow.

Yet tender as the rose of sunset sky, or whispering breath of summer's softest air.

O Beauty, beyond our thought, unspeakable, beyond expression, eclipsing consciousness, give us more consciousness with which to know thee, give us more life with which to die in thee.

CAVÉ.

CHUANG-TZE

I

The Way of Heaven

Behold! The Immortal borne aloft by his spirituality,
A lotus-flower in his hand,
Goes forth to the Eternal,
By the invisible paths of all the regions of Space.—Ssu K'ung T'u.

THERE is a tradition that Confucius visited the aged Lao-Tze and made obeisance to him, calling him "the Dragon whose power I cannot measure". Even if the story be the invention of a later generation, its symbolic value remains. Confucius did not abdicate his dignity, if he bowed before one whose mission he recognized as superior though cognate to his own. His gesture suggests that, as the Taoists taught, there is a way of man and a Way of Heaven, and that the way of man may bring strength and purity, but liberation and enlightenment are only to be reached by the Way of Heaven.

Both Confucius and Lao-Tze regarded themselves as transmitters of the wisdom of the ancient Kings. The ancient Kings were venerated as beings of mysterious and exalted origin who had imparted the knowledge of truth to the dawning intelligence of mankind. Every great race has cherished some tradition of Adept-Kings, of Gods and Heroes and Patriarchs who guided its early destinies.

In the beginning, said Lao-Tze and his followers, there was no need for a moral code to regulate behaviour, for moral codes pertain to the "way of man", and the men of the Golden Age followed no way of their own devising but the "Way of Heaven". Their activities were spontaneous, free, devoid of self-reference, irresistible but effortless like the interplay of the forces of cosmic Nature. Then, by some obscure necessity, the Golden Age passed away, and the spiritual understanding of humanity became clouded. Men began to think of themselves as isolated personalities, as entities separated from Nature and from one another. They lost their sense of inner union with the Sages who ruled over them, and the Sages resigned their Kingship, granting men the freedom of their choice to undertake the dubious experiment of governing themselves. The ancient Kings were too wise to try by artificial means to hold back all the ills and sorrows which were about to descend like a hurricane upon the human race. They bore no resemblance to modern politicians and economists who believe that it is possible to improve upon Nature. The Kings deemed it more prudent to allow Nature to take its course with a minimum of interference.

Nevertheless, the Sages did not leave mankind wholly without guides and protectors. From time to time, according to the Taoist belief, men of the stature of the Sages continued to appear in the world. For example, there was

Lao-Tze himself, who was said to have revealed once more the pure truth which had been known by all during the Golden Age, the Way of Heaven as this had existed before the way of man had taken its place.

However, the Way or Tao of Heaven was no longer for the many, but only for the very few. For the many, it could mean nothing but anarchism and nihilism. For the many, whose consciousness was immersed in personal concerns, some measure of equilibrium had to be established between the contending elements of personal life, before any invitation to mystical adventure became practicable. One may believe that if the Sages sent Lao-Tze into the world to help the few, they also sent Confucius to help the many, to illumine the way of man, so that those who were forced to follow it might at least be saved from annihilation.

What is the greatness of Confucius? He was an incomparable ethical teacher. It has been said that he could speak with authority to the Chinese because he himself incarnated so completely the moderation, the common-sense, the reasonableness and the conservatism of the average Chinaman. Certainly, in one sense, he never demanded more of the Chinese than they might be expected to demand of themselves. With marvellous clarity, he assembled and codified the records of the moral experience of his race. But one must look deeper to find the real source of his power. In one part of his nature, Confucius may have exemplified the average Chinaman, even as Socrates, who resembles him in so many ways, may have exemplified the average Greek. But in his essential consciousness, he was far removed from the average, for he knew what he was doing and why he was doing it. Dwelling in a world where men lived heedlessly, he deliberately tested the ancestral virtues by living them, by manifesting them in every episode of daily living. He reanimated forms and ceremonies which had seemed dead. He induced men to strengthen and to purify their natures, because he had so steadfastly strengthened and purified his own. Therefore, the impression of his genius has lasted twenty-five hundred years.

One wonders what would have happened if Confucius had never lived. To-day Western ideas are acting like corrosives upon the nature of the ancient race which has lived so many centuries with so few external contacts. Some signs suggest that China is in a state of senility preceding death. However, without the stabilizing power of Confucianism, China might have dissolved in anarchy long ago, before the younger races of the West had heard of its existence. Confucianism may be said to have saved for humanity the essence of a splendid civilization. Doubtless, if it had not been for Confucianism, we should never have known of the doctrine of the Tao.

Taoism conveyed the life-principle of the Chinese genius, as Confucianism provided the conditions for its preservation. It is true that as the centuries passed, many who called themselves Taoists lost all understanding of Lao-Tze's teaching. The *Tao-Teh-King* was in course of time buried beneath an accumulation of superstitions and of magical formulæ which have the odour of the black art. But the essence of Taoism was assimilated by Buddhism, and by the "religion of landscape" which reached its culmination in the great artists of the Sung period.

It is fortunate that the *Tao-Teh-King* is not the only surviving memorial of classical Taoism. About two centuries after Lao-Tze's death, his work became the inspiration of one of the most remarkable minds in the history of human thought. Chuang-Tze has been called the St. Paul of Taoism, for he gave a philosophical form to the ideas which Lao-Tze had suggested and foreshadowed. He evidently considered himself as merely a commentator, but there was nothing dry or dogmatic in his commentary. Everything which he touched bore the stamp of original and individual thought.

In the best sense, Chuang-Tze was an individual, a character. The wisdom of past ages rose to expression in his intelligence, but passing through him it was given a unique and personal colouring, such as can only be transmitted by a creative genius. Thus, to read his works is actually an experience which recalls Keats' emotion when he discovered Chapman's "Homer".

We know few details of his life. The period of his activity was the latter part of the Third and the earlier part of the Fourth Centuries B.C., and he was, therefore, a contemporary of the famous Confucian apologist, Mencius. He was a native of one of the semi-feudal kingdoms into which China was then divided, and appears to have held some minor official post in a provincial town.

The renown of his wisdom passed the boundaries of his native state, for a chronicler states that "King Wei of Khu, having heard of the ability of Chuang-Tze, sent messengers with gifts to bring him to his court, promising to make him his chief minister. Chuang-Tze, however, only laughed and said to them: 'A thousand ounces of silver are a great gain to me, and to be a high noble and minister is most honourable. But have you seen the victim ox for the border sacrifice? It is carefully fed for several years, and robed with rich embroidery, that it may be fit to enter the Grand Temple. When the time comes for it to do so, it would prefer to be a little pig, but it cannot get to be so.' "

One other incident illustrates the character of the sage, his poise and detachment, his sense of the spiritual dignity of man and his veneration for Nature. It concludes with an example of his robust humour. "When Chuang-Tze was dying, his disciples signified their wish to give him a magnificent burial. He said: 'I shall have Heaven and Earth for my coffin and its shell; the Sun and Moon for my two round symbols of jade; the stars and constellations for my pearls and jewels; will not the provisions for my interment be complete? What would you add to them?' The disciples replied: 'We are afraid that the crows and kites will eat our master.' Chuang-Tze said: 'Above, the crows and kites will eat me; below, the mole-crickets and ants will eat me; to take from those and to give to these would only show partiality.' "

Chuang-Tze was not a hermit. "Those," he said, "who would benefit mankind from forests and mountains are simply unequal to the strain upon their higher natures." By choice he dwelt amid the confusion and stress of the world of men. His writings reveal an intimate acquaintance with the political and economic routine which maintained the complex existence of a brilliant material civilization. In daily contact with materialists and sophists, he testified to the divine possibilities within human nature. Those possibilities, he taught,

are released by the power of the Tao, and the Tao is not far removed from man, for it is the real Self of man and is the ultimate origin of all his powers, including the power of imagination which has been so gravely misused. By imagination we have fashioned a screen between our centre of self-consciousness and the Real, so that we now see only a procession of shadows moving across the screen. By imagination we can destroy that barrier and so consciously reunite our natures with the Great Nature, the source and end of our true being.

His message, therefore, did not differ from that of all great mystics and occultists. He had awakened in himself the desire which underlies all other desires and which consumes them all, the longing of the soul to achieve its proper destiny. He tried, by the contagion of his ardour, to induce in others the nostalgia for the Real, that homesickness of the soul for its own domain which has been figured by so many myths and allegories in all lands.

By every means at his command, Chuang-Tze tried to shake his contemporaries out of their self-absorption and self-complacency. He used allegory and anecdote, tragedy and comedy, metaphysical digressions and animal fables, the language of mystical ecstasy and the language of the most caustic satire. He was no respecter of persons, as he proved by the violence of his attacks upon the followers of Confucius. His attitude towards Confucius and Confucianism is both interesting and pertinent, for it makes clear the fundamental distinction between the Way of Heaven and the way of man. At a moment in every human history the soul is faced with the necessity of choosing between these two paths, and Chuang-Tze records, in no uncertain terms, his judgment as to the choice which should be made.

However, before the student can expect to understand Chuang-Tze's criticism of the way of man, it is necessary to understand as far as possible what he means by the Way of Heaven. The Way of Heaven is the manifestation of the Tao. What is the Tao?

This question has troubled generations of Sinologists, and there is no evidence that they have found the answer. Lao-Tze and Chuang-Tze were too wise even to attempt to find one. The Tao is the Mystery of the being of Nature, the mystery of the being of the Self, the *Mysterium Magnum*. Why do we exist? Because there is the Tao. The original meaning of the word seems to have been "the Way", and this was given a spiritual sense corresponding to what is implicit in the words of Christ: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Thus, in Taoist literature, the perfected man is described as a manifestation of the Tao. But within the manifested there is the unmanifested Tao, or rather that aspect of the Tao which appears to our limited understanding as unmanifested. In this recondite sense, the Tao is the whole assemblage of the Divine Powers within Nature. According to the context, we may regard the Tao as a synonym of Parabrahm or the Absolute, of the Creative Logos, of Theosophy or Divine Wisdom, of Karma or the Law of Nature, of the Masters, of the Higher Self. No intellectual formula, no symbol, no frame of words can tell us what the Tao is, though they may point to it or shed light upon the path which leads to it.

Chuang-Tze's whole philosophy may be regarded as an extension and interpretation of the first four lines of the *Tao-Teh-King*.

"The way that can be trodden is not the Eternal Way. The word that can be spoken is not the Eternal Word.

"Conceived of as having no name, It is the source of Heaven and Earth; conceived of as having a name, It is the Mother of all things.

"He who is ever without desire sees its deep mystery. He who is ever under desire sees only its outer fringe.

"Under these two aspects it is the same; but as development takes place, it receives the different names. They are the Mystery of mysteries. Where the Mystery is the deepest, there is the gate of all that is subtle and wonderful."

Chuang-Tze accepted these propositions, in a theosophical spirit, as working hypotheses, and devoted his life to their verification. His method of verification was that of all the sages. He sought evidence of the Tao in Nature, and he sought it in himself. He concluded that the Universe was constituted as Lao-Tze had said, that the Tao in Nature and the Tao in man are identical. Where the Tao is, there is the One. "*The Universe and I were born together.*"

"In the Great Beginning of all things, there was nothing in all the Chaos or Vacancy of Space; there was nothing that could be named. In the Great Beginning there appeared the First Existence which was still formless. The formless Existence was divided, and there was interaction between its two Elements. In this way things were produced, and distinguishing lines became visible, defining the forms of bodies. Each form pertained to a body which incarnated a spirit, and each had its peculiar mode of manifestation which we call its nature. When this nature has been manifested, it returns again to its essence as it was in the Beginning. This essence is then [at the end of a cycle of manifestation] as it was in the Beginning, in the pure Vacancy of Space. . . . This process is, therefore, in its conclusion, like the closing of a bird's beak and like the silence which follows a bird's song. That closing and that silence are like the union of Heaven and Earth, as it was in the Beginning. That union might seem to indicate a state of stupidity or darkness, but it is what we call the Mystery. It is the Great Submission to the course of Nature" (XII, 8).[1]

It is necessary to remember the doctrine that perfect union with the Tao is the fruit of perfect manifestation. This doctrine is fundamental in Taoism and explains the Taoist adoration of Nature, for Nature as the form of the Universe was conceived to be the paradigm and exemplar of all lesser manifestations.

"Behold the Great Mass of Nature. I find the support of my body in it; my life is spent in toil in it; my old age seeks rest in it; at death I find ease in it. You may hide anything, great or small, in the safest place, and yet it will disappear. But if you could hide the world in the World, so that there would be no place to which it could be removed, this would be the realization of That which endures in the Eternal" (VI, 7).

[1] Thirty-three books or "sections", attributed to Chuang-Tze, have survived. The quotations here given are based upon James Legge's translation (*Sacred Books of the East*, vols. XXXIX–XL); but since every translation from the Chinese is, in a sense, a paraphrase, I have taken the liberty of slightly paraphrasing some of the "paraphrases" of the translator.—S. V. L.

"This is the Tao. In it there is consciousness and stability, but it does nothing and has no bodily form. It can be transmitted by the Master, but cannot be received [as if it were an external object] by the disciple. It may be apprehended, but it cannot be seen. It has its root and ground in Itself. Before Heaven and Earth appeared, there was the Tao in Eternity. From it proceeded the mysterious existence of the Lives; from it the mysterious existence of the Divine. It created Heaven; it created Earth. It was before the primal Ether, and yet could not be considered high. It was below all Space, and yet could not be considered deep. It is prior to Heaven and Earth, and yet it cannot be considered to have existed long. It is older than the remotest antiquity, and yet cannot be called old. . . . No one knows its beginning. No one knows its end" (VI, 7).

Some scholars have compared Chuang-Tze to Wordsworth. Certainly they resemble each other, in so far as they both loved Nature, but there the resemblance ceases. With all due respect to the English poet, he seems never to have known the deeper appreciations of Nature which the Chinese sage recorded. It is significant that Wordsworth's poetic power waned with the years. Perhaps this was because his most vital attraction to Nature was a desire to escape from human importunities and to find repose in communion with non-human presences. Chuang-Tze sought neither separation from men nor rest for his emotions, but, above all, liberation from the illusion of self. He loved the Divine Power in Nature for its own sake, and because his love was disinterested, it was a sustaining and increasing force.

"Come and I will tell you of the perfect Tao. Its essence is the deepest obscurity; its highest reaches are in darkness and silence. There is nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard. You must be still; you must be pure; you must not agitate the life-force. When your eyes see nothing and your ears hear nothing, when your mind knows nothing, your spirit will keep your body, and the body will live long. Watch over what is within you; close the avenues of the mind to external impressions, for much knowledge is pernicious. I will proceed with you to the summit of the Great Brilliance, where is the source of the bright and expanding Element; I will enter with you the gate of the Great Darkness, where is the source of the dark and contracting Element. There dwell the Regents of Heaven and Earth; there the Yin and the Yang, the Positive and the Negative, are in repose. . . . The perfect Tao is inexhaustible, and yet men pretend that its extreme limit can be reached. He who attains to the Tao, if he be a King, will become one of the August Ones, and if he be born in a lower class, he will become a King. He who fails to reach it may see its light, even though he must descend again and be of the Earth. Now I must depart and enter the gate of the Eternal. I will enjoy myself in the fields of the Illimitable. I will blend my light with that of the Sun and Moon, and I will endure while Heaven and Earth endure" (XI, 4).

Ancient Taoism can scarcely be classified as a religion, in the sense that exoteric Christianity and exoteric Buddhism are religions. It had no dogmatic system, no ecclesiastical organization, no vested interests. But the quality of

Taoism cannot be felt, if we think of it primarily as a metaphysical doctrine. Fundamentally, it was a mode of spiritual discipline designed to liberate the aspirant from the illusion of self.

This discipline is not presented in the form of a fixed rule of life, perhaps because it can only be really applied by those who have advanced beyond the stage where their actions must be checked and stimulated by an external authority. As every man must discover the Tao within himself and by his own efforts, so it is presumed that he must, in a certain sense, create his own discipline, modifying his rule to suit the changing demands of his evolution. Such a doctrine is, doubtless, charged with dynamite, but it must have been safer to teach it publicly in China than elsewhere. The Chinese love of method and tradition has been so deep-rooted that few, indeed, seem to have ever been attracted by the idea of creating their own rules of conduct as they went along.

The Taoist neophyte was thus expected to prepare the conditions of his own advancement; but it was not supposed that he could reach the Tao without assistance of any kind. Throughout the Orient it has always been taken for granted that there are Masters of Wisdom living in the world who are ready to give help to all who have earned the right to demand it. Western scholars have not recognized the fact that Taoism is no exception to the rule. By the mediation of a Master, the disciple enters into the Tao. The Occidental mind may find it hard to believe in the concrete reality of the Taoist Masters. They seem, at first, so remote, so impersonal, almost non-human in their isolation from the concerns of men. In their outer relations with their disciples, they appear implacable, immovable, indifferent to every personal appeal, like the powers of Nature.

A student of Theosophy might suggest that the Great Lodge of Masters uses different methods with different races and at different times. In the West and even in India, the Masters have not hesitated to emphasize their humanity. Men have been drawn to Christ and to Buddha by the human charm which they have revealed. On the other hand, the Taoist Sages veil their personal qualities, at least during the first stage of the disciple's initiation. It is requisite that the disciple should begin by fixing his attention upon the divine identity of his Teacher. It is—so to speak—the condition of his service, that the disciple should recognize, in the presence of a Master, not his human appearance, however lovable this may be, but his "Heavenly Nature" which is an embodiment of the Tao.

The Taoist conception of the relationship of Master and disciple is suggested in Chuang-Tze's statement that "the Tao can be transmitted by the Master, but cannot be received by the disciple." How can it be otherwise? The disciple cannot receive the Tao, for he already possesses it in the hidden consciousness of his heart, and the Master can only help him to seize what belongs to him. If one may venture to define the Taoist method of instruction by a word, it is *magnetic*. The aspiration of the disciple is quickened by contact with the radiant energy which emanates from the Master's consciousness. Instruction

by word and precept is often dispensed with, and is always of secondary importance, as is also the case in Zen Buddhism.

The following passages illustrate the impersonality which was expected, both of the Teacher and of the disciple.

"When Lao-Tze died, Khin Shih went to offer his condolences, but after crying aloud three times, he came forth. The disciples said to him: 'Were you not a friend of the Master?' 'I was', he replied, and they asked: 'Do you consider that such an expression of grief is sufficient?' 'I do', he said. 'I thought that he was the greatest of men, but now I think so no longer. When I entered to express my sorrow, there were the old men wailing as if they had lost a son, and the young men wailing as if they had lost a mother. In order to gain the attachment of those people in this way, he must have uttered words which should not have been spoken, and shed tears which should not have been shed, thus hiding his Heavenly Nature and indulging his human feelings. Alas, he must have forgotten what he received [from Heaven] when he was born. The ancients called such emotions the trammels of mortality. [To you, I say] the Master came, because it was the proper time for him to be born; when he went away, this was the natural sequence of his coming. For those who accept the phenomena of birth and death in this sense, lamentation and sorrow have no place. The ancients described death as the loosening of a cord. . . . We see only the fagots which have been consumed; but the fire is transmitted elsewhere'" (III, 4).

"Po-hwan-Wu-Tzan went to visit Lieh-Tze and found that there were many visitors. There he stood, holding his staff upright, and leaning his chin upon it. After standing so for some time, without saying a word, he was going away when the door-keeper called Lieh-Tze. Then Lieh-Tze ran barefoot after him and overtook him. Lieh-Tze said: 'Since you have come, Sir, are you going away, without giving me any medicine?' The other replied: 'It is useless to speak to you. I told you that men would flock to you, and so they do. It is not that you cause them to flock to you, but you cannot keep them away. They are influenced and delighted by the display of your extraordinary personal qualities. Alas, in some insidious way you also must be influenced and delighted by the spectacle of yourself. You perceive it not; you understand it not;—how, then, can you separate yourself from the crowd?'" (XXXII, 1).

Chuang-Tze said of this Lieh-Tze, that he "rode upon the wind and pursued his way, with an admirable indifference to all external things." However, Lieh-Tze seems to have been unable to awaken a like indifference in his disciples, and that is evidently the point of the rebuke which he received from a superior.

Like Molinos and the Quietists, Chuang-Tze insisted that the consciousness cannot fully respond to spiritual influences unless the psychic nature abstains from all action, both voluntary and automatic. In Taoism, however, more is said of the positive powers of the spiritual man who is thus brought to birth.

"What is meant by the True Man? The True Men of old did not reject the views of others; they did not seek to be first; they laid no plans. Being such,

though they might make mistakes, they had no occasion for remorse; though they might succeed, they had no self-complacency. Therefore, they ascended the loftiest heights without fear; they passed through water without being made wet; they went through fire and were not burned. . . . The True Men of old knew neither the love of life nor the hatred of death. Without joy they entered life; without resistance they departed. Yet they accepted their life and rejoiced in it; they forgot the fear of death and so returned [by the way of death] to the state in which they had been before they were born. They had no will to resist the Tao. Above all, they never tried to assist the course of Nature with their human knowledge. Their minds were free from all thought and purpose; their foreheads beamed simplicity. Whatever coldness came from them was like the coldness of autumn; their warmth was like the warmth of spring. They did what was suitable, and no one knew what their action might be until it was accomplished. The King who was a Sage might destroy a state in war, without losing the affections of his people; his benefits might extend to a myriad generations, although he was not a philanthropist. He who tries to force others to share his pleasures is not wise; he whose affections overflow is not benevolent; he who calculates times and seasons is not prudent; he to whom profit and loss are not equal, is not a superior man; he who acts with the purpose of increasing his reputation and forgets the True Self, is not a scholar; and he who spends his force in a way which is not the true way, cannot command the services of others" (VI, 2).

"When the Perfect Man employs his mind, it is like a mirror. It conducts nothing and anticipates nothing. It responds to what is before it but does not cling to it. Thus the Perfect Man can deal successfully with all, and injures none" (VII, 6).

"When a Ruler clearly understands that he is not a separate entity himself, then he is fitted to govern all entities and to rule a kingdom. He will go in and out throughout the Universe at his pleasure, and will roam over the nine regions of Space, alone in going, alone in coming. We call him the sole Possessor and the noblest of beings. His teaching goes forth as the shadow from the substance, as the echo from the sound. When questioned, he responds, bringing to fruition all that is in the disciple's mind. . . . His resting-place gives forth no sound; his sphere of activity has no restriction of place. He conducts the disciple to his proper goal, but it is as if the disciple proceeded thither by his own movement. The activities of the Master leave no trace; his goings-forth and his re-enterings have no deviation; his course is like that of the Sun, without beginning or end. If you would praise him or discourse about his personality, remember that he is united with the great community of existences and that he has no separate self. Having no separate self, how should he have anything that can be called his own? Those who have what they call their own, are the wise men of this world. Those who have nothing are the friends of Heaven and Earth. . . . What is it that we call the Tao? There is the Way of Heaven and there is the way of man. Doing nothing and yet attracting all honour is the Way of Heaven. Doing and being embarrassed thereby is the way of man. It is the Way of Heaven which is

the Lord. It is the way of man which is the servant. The Way of Heaven and the way of man are far apart." (XI, 6, 7).

In these passages which might easily be multiplied, one may discern something of the attitude of the Taoist disciple towards the Teacher. He adores Nature as the most perfect expression of the Eternal, and he adores the Master as the most perfect expression of Nature. One is tempted to represent these three—the Eternal, Nature, and the Master—as a Trinity, corresponding to the Three Logoi of *The Secret Doctrine*.

However, it would be a grave error to imagine that, after all, the Taoist Sage ends by becoming nothing but a metaphysical abstraction. Every reference to the Sages suggests intensity of individual genius within their vesture of impersonality. It is conformable to the theory of Taoism that universal consciousness should be identical with the most complete manifestation of individual consciousness. Such an individuality, of course, must be completely purged of the sense of separateness.

"Not to be separate from his Primal Source is the genius of the Heavenly Man; not to be separate from Nature is the genius of the Spiritual Man; not to be separate from Truth is the genius of the Perfect Man.

"How complete was the operation of the Tao in the ancients! It made them the equals of spiritual beings. It made them subtle and all-embracing, like Heaven and Earth. . . . The Tao inwardly forms the Sage and outwardly forms the King" (XXXIII, 1).

Such is Chuang-Tze's version of the Way of Heaven, the Path of the Sages. He also left in writing his version of the way of man. But it is impossible to understand his view of the way of man, unless one has some comprehension of what he meant by the Way of Heaven.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

(To be continued)

This, therefore, is the life of the Gods and of divine and happy men,—a liberation from all terrene concerns, a life unaccompanied with human pleasures, and a flight of the alone to the alone.—PLOTINUS.

He who knows what God is and who knows what man is, has attained. Knowing what God is, he knows that he himself proceeded therefrom.—CHUANG TZE.

EASTERN INFLUENCES IN MEDIÆVAL CHRISTENDOM

IN looking back over the life of past centuries, one of the notable features is the economy of the Lodge, permitting nothing to be wasted, nothing lost. When the multitude are fed and the twelve basketfuls gathered, these crumbs are utilized again under some other guise,—and again, and yet again. Forces that have spent themselves in one epoch and long lain dormant, reappear later, unabated; protected with ceaseless vigilance, carried through roundabout channels, modified and adapted to fit new conditions, they are thrown into the field at just the right time and place to accomplish some great end, to meet some great need. A seed is sown in ancient India: India, Chaldea, Egypt successively profit thereby as millenniums pass. But the world comes upon a time of drought and famine,—the truth is lost, buried, totally forgotten. In another day, a Prophet is born in Arabia; a mighty tide of zeal and religious fervour is unloosed. Once more the buried truth can safely be brought to light, and with infinite care its transplanting is accomplished. Seized upon by barbaric sons of the desert, it is remoulded, perhaps distorted, and with ardour carried to far lands and strange peoples. There, in a still different soil, its life process is again tended with the same wise care, the same foresight. Always, the life of the spirit lies beneath the life of matter—the waters under the earth —and history, the life of nations and of individuals, your life, mine, is but a thing of spots and shreds and patches unless viewed in the light of the divine unity, the divine care, the divine purpose beneath and behind it.

The infiltration of the sacred and secret teachings of the far East little by little into Christendom, and their effect on western civilization, are places where the careful husbandry of the Lodge is notable. To trace the process in detail, and to see the full significance of its kaleidoscopic changes, would be a difficult undertaking for the trained historian. The present article can do no more than suggest certain of the obvious phases.

The Secret Doctrine refers to the period beginning with the Buddha and Pythagoras, and ending with the Neoplatonists and Gnostics, as a focus wherein converged "for the last time the bright rays of light streaming from the æons of time gone by, unobscured by the hand of bigotry and fanaticism." There is little reason to doubt that if the mission of the Western Avatar had met with a different response, all the accumulated spiritual force of these half dozen centuries would have poured into the new field of endeavour,—an immense reinforcement to his work, with almost inconceivable possibilities of resultant achievement. The complete misunderstanding of him and his mission, especially by those who nominally "believed" in him, was, of course, the cause of the confusion and obscurity of the centuries that followed—the earthquake, the hours

of darkness, and the rending of the temple veil could have been but an inadequate symbol of the shattered currents and the terrible repercussion in the inner world. In the centuries immediately following, the situation from a spiritual and philosophical point of view was like a bubbling cauldron, with no suggestion of what might ultimately come to the surface. The State Mysteries were still active, exoterically at least; Gnosticism, Kabalism, Neoplatonism, Christianity, all existed side by side, often struggling for supremacy,—with further complications at a somewhat later date, in the introduction from Persia of Manichæism, combining Zoroastrian, Babylonian and Buddhist elements. The Emperor Hadrian during his consulate, is said to have reported that Christian Bishops, Diviners, Theurgists, leaders of the Jews, were all worshippers of Serapis as well —the mysteries of Serapis combining Greek thought, Platonism, Egyptian Osirianism and what not beside. There might be suspected the existence of one, life-giving inner body, the initiates of which worked through whatever outer forms of worship gave promise of accomplishing the greatest good.

Christianity gradually gained strength enough to become the persecutor instead of the persecuted, and settled down to the development of its own distinctive body of thought. It was the dormant elements of the very faiths it destroyed, however, which came to life in later centuries and saved it from the bigotry and deadness which came upon it. Gnosticism, driven out, took refuge in Persia; was there exterminated by the sword, but first communicated certain of its features to the Dervish sects; these sects linked their subsequent history with that of the Sufis, and they in turn, at a much later period, from far distant Spain, profoundly influenced the West. Manichæism was more or less driven out, flourishing in Asia and reappearing in Europe in a later century. Neoplatonism was finally suppressed, but its influence penetrated the thought of the Christian Church through many channels. The writings of Plotinus strongly affected St. Augustine, that pillar of the early centuries (incidentally, he had been a Manichæan before becoming a Christian); the writings of Proclus, one of the greatest of the late Neoplatonic philosophers, exerted a noteworthy influence over the doctrines which the Church was evolving, and both Proclus and Dionysius the Areopagite greatly influenced later Christian mysticism. Here, however, it would be well to tread carefully, for mysticism is universal in character. At times, due to an enforced orthodoxy, it takes on the colour and form of its surroundings, but it is an at-onement with the Divine Source of Being, and, drawing life from one Source, it speaks a universal language. What better evidence than that a simple French child, the Little Flower, Thérèse of Lisieux, should have used the age-old symbol of the tree rooted in heaven and branching downward, as apparently her own picture of the Divine love. But while the tracing of so-called influences and origins is unsafe in the case of the great mystics, nevertheless, the later Neoplatonists did supply a certain leaven, a certain incentive to mystical contemplation, at periods when the mystics alone kept alive the real inner life and spirituality of Christendom.

John Yarker, in his book *The Arcane Schools*, regards the Guilds or Collegia which found a permanent place wherever the Roman legions and therefore the

Roman law penetrated, as perpetuators also of the secret teachings. He writes as a Mason, with the thesis that Masonry, philosophy and Theosophy are three shoots branching from a single parent stem, in a remote antiquity.

There is no need to dwell here on the history of the Church, with its formalism, its barren intellectualism, its fettering dogmatism, and the continually growing material power of the Papacy, all threatening to exterminate whatever spirituality remained. Not the evil, but the cure is our chief interest. As early as 650, Manichæism had reappeared, its adherents now calling themselves Paulicians. Numerous related sects soon sprang up—the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Patarini, the Cathari, and so on—spreading rapidly throughout the Empire. They had several grades, admission to the innermost being by initiation, with doctrines and ceremonies drawn in many instances from eastern sources. These heretical sects were the object of bitter persecution, and tens of thousands of the sectaries were hunted down and killed. To protect themselves, they had recourse to the method of using a double language, a vocabulary having one significance in the literal meaning, known to the world at large, and a totally different significance to the initiated. There was nothing new in this, of course. *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. II, p. 795) refers to the veiled sentences with a double meaning which abound in ancient classical writers, adding that the ancient initiated poets, when they spoke of the foundation of a city, meant the establishment of a doctrine. "Thus Neptune, the god of reasoning, and Apollo, the god of the hidden things, presented themselves as masons before Laomedon, Priam's father, to help him to build the city of Troy —that is to say, to establish the Trojan religion."

The idea in its mediæval form was adapted to the whim of the time. Legend played about the eastern potentate or the Tartar princess or the fabulous Prester John, possessed of a jewel of untold worth which, when placed in the mouth or held in the hand, concealed its owner from view. Such a jewel, when spoken (placed in the mouth), or written (held in the hand), was the double language. It was the special prerogative of the troubadours who, though regarded by many in later centuries as merely picturesque wanderers, gay bearers of romantic tales in an age of romance, were actually the bearers of the teachings of the heretical sects, emissaries of a secret propaganda. Dante was influenced by the troubadours, as he acknowledged; himself wrote Provençal, adopted the double language, and extended it far beyond anything that the troubadours had done. As will be remembered, he stated that the *Divine Comedy* admits of four keys of interpretation: literal, allegorical, moral and mystical. This double language, or "gentle language" as it was often called, is regarded by Eugène Aroux in several books on the subject, and by Gabriele Rossetti in his *Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit Which Produced the Reformation*, as the cloak for a powerful propaganda against the Papacy. "The century was as full of antipapal spirit as of papal persecution," writes Rossetti, and he sees in the *Divina Commedia* the sharpest weapon that ever attacked the papal power. Both writers give instances of the "gentle language" or the "Grammar of the Gay Science": to be gay or to be sad, to laugh or to weep,

signified being a sectarian or, on the contrary, a papist; "heart" meant hidden, secret; "face" the outward meaning; "sighs" were the verses in this jargon; "the new life" (the *Vita Nuova* of Dante) has reference to sects which described their proselytes as rising to the new life. Similarly, when the term *arbres morts* was used, the papists were referred to, while *arbres vifs* were the sectaries; *Dames* were the initiates of Albigensian Templarism. By "Circe" the Roman Church was designated (changing men into brutes); harpies were the Monastic Orders; the Rose signified the Albigensian Church and its doctrine, and so on. It need hardly be remarked that tales ostensibly of love and romance, interpreted in such manner, took on a wholly different character.

Yarker calls the troubadours the undoubted poets of the Albigensian heresy, and quotes Eugène Aroux and others to the effect that there were various grades or classes (the Gallant, the Historical, the Theological, the Mystical, the Hermetic). "Like the other Aspirants to the Sectarian priesthood, they went into seminaries or lodges to receive instruction; then, having become deacons or squires, having undergone tests and given required pledges, they were admitted to the rank of Perfect Knights, or Perfect Troubadours. Having thus graduated, they started in the character of Missionaries or of Pilgrims of Love, sometimes undertaking long and dangerous journeys."

In the work of the troubadours, East meets East again by an unexpected pass —this time through Spain. In a brief discussion of the origins of Provençal poetry, H. J. Chaytor (*The Troubadours of Dante*) states that the poetry of Provence probably owes a large debt to Arab poetry, a flourishing school of which, in the tenth century, made its influence felt from the north of Spain. The first Provençal literature dates from the tenth century, and the last of the great troubadours died in 1294.

A valuable and admirably developed link is furnished at this point by Miguel Asín in his *Islam and the Divine Comedy*, showing Islamic counterparts (Asín regards them as Islamic sources) for every detail of Dante's great work. The author first noted identity between the ascension of Dante and Beatrice through the spheres of Paradise, on the one hand, and on the other, the so-called *Miraj*, or ascension of Mohammed from Jerusalem to the throne of God,—the latter ascent being preceded by a descent to the infernal regions. For both stories he sought some common source, expecting to find it among the mediæval legends of the Christian faith,—only to discover that many of the latter were of Mohammedan origin.

It is shown that in the *hadiths* or traditions of the Prophet, the general features are the same as in the *Divine Comedy*. For the most part, however, the version of the *Miraj* used for the comparison is that of Ibn Arabi, a noted Sufi of Murcia in south-eastern Spain, who lived from 1164 to 1240 (it will be remembered that Dante was born in 1265); and between this version and the *Commedia* there is no mere similarity, but complete identity, both in the topographical or architectural features and in episodic detail. For Dante's Limbo, for the *Inferno*, for the description of Lucifer, for the various features of the *Purgatorio*, there is an exact counterpart in the *Miraj*. When it comes to the *Paradiso*, the

sensual delights of Mohammed's repellently material paradise suggest an obstacle, to say the least. Ibn Arabi, however, like many another Moslem mystic, had completely spiritualized the teaching. His paradise was the typical Sufi concept. A poem of Jāmī's indicates it, and offers also his own reconciliation with the glowing and sensual picture given by Mohammed:

"Even from earthly love thy face avert not,
Since to the Real it may serve to raise thee.
Ere A, B, C are rightly apprehended,
How canst thou con the pages of thy Koran?
A sage (so heard I), unto whom a student
Came craving counsel on the course before him,
Said, 'If thy steps be strangers to love's pathways,
Depart, learn love, and then return before me!
For, shouldst thou fear to drink wine from Form's flagon,
Thou canst not drain the draught of the Ideal.
But yet beware! Be not by Form belated:
Strive rather with all speed the bridge to traverse.
If to the bourne thou fain wouldst bear thy baggage,
Upon the bridge let not thy footsteps linger.'"

Another Sufi, Hallaj, expresses it more laconically:

"In that glory is no 'I' or 'We' or 'Thou.'
'I', 'We,' 'Thou,' and 'He' are all one thing."

The same identity, then, between the *Miraj* and the *Commedia* continues through the *Paradiso:* the nine astronomical spheres inhabited by saints, prophets and angels (there is no Christian precedent for this); the plan of the mystic rose; the same services rendered by the guides (Gabriel in the one, Beatrice in the other); the same apotheosis in both cases: God a focus of light, surrounded by nine concentric circles of angels, radiating light and chanting as they revolve. The identity is so complete even in minor details, that the "disquieted reader", it is asserted, "is forced to picture to himself the great epic of Christianity as enthroned in the world of Moslem mysticism, as if in a mosque that were closed to Islam and consecrated to Christian worship."

The same author, in showing how readily and almost certainly the *Miraj* could have come to Dante's attention, suggests many ways, other than those hitherto mentioned, in which the transplanting and intermingling of eastern elements through the life of Christendom was accomplished: trade routes, early established and much used, from Moslem countries through Russia to northern Europe, even as far as Iceland; beginning in the eleventh century, commerce in the Mediterranean among Genoese, Venetian and Moslem traders, and the settling of Italians in all the Moslem ports; the mingling of Christian and Moslem learning and literature in Sicily, which, for several brilliant centuries, under the rule of Norman kings, was more Moslem than Christian.

Spain, of course, at one time the centre of learning, culture and magnificence for the whole then known world, was the most important means of disseminating eastern teachings in the West. The Christians in Moorish Spain adopted Arabic customs and culture and delighted in Arabic poetry and philosophy. Christians, Mohammedans and Jews lived side by side for centuries. Alphonso the Wise had founded a school and a college, where pupils and instructors alike numbered adherents of all three faiths. The same monarch gathered at his court the learned men of the three religions and had translations made of the Talmud, the Kabalah, and the Koran. Travellers and traders from all over Christendom were attracted by the fame of this oriental civilization. Christian slaves, released by their Moorish masters and allowed to return home, aided in spreading its influence.

So far as the *Miraj* was concerned, Spain was the chief centre for traditions of the Prophet. Instances are given of noted men who went from Spain to Rome or the reverse, somewhere near the time of Dante's writing, who would have been likely to pass on, effectively, this and many other features of Arabic culture. Chief among them, as a probable direct influence on the great poet, was Brunetto Latini, his instructor, counsellor, guide, and friend, himself a scholar of great attainment, who went in 1260 as ambassador to the court of Alphonso the Wise, and whose principal works, written shortly thereafter, show familiarity with Arabic science, and the influence of Moorish and oriental customs and teachings. One might surmise that Dante would have been quick to welcome in the *Miraj* a satisfactorily monumental framework for the magnificent concept of his projected poem, and he may have been further attracted to it by eastern elements akin to the doctrines of the sects which were, there is little question, a part of his own inspiration. Any implication of wholesale borrowing, however, is completely discredited for most Dante-lovers by the greatness of the poet's own genius. The instinctive feeling would be that, just as this relation between the *Commedia* and the *Miraj* lay for centuries concealed from scholarly research, so some additional light on the subject, some explanation other than that of borrowing, awaits a further turn of the scholar's key. An explanation that appeals to the student of Theosophy, however, lies in the fact that Dante was undoubtedly an initiate, of whatever grade or degree, and had knowledge of the Mysteries. By Yarker he is stated to have been a lay brother of the Templars, and to have worn the sacred thread—that thread or girdle used by both Templars and Albigenses, which is supposed to have come by way of the Manichæans, and, through Persia, to have originated in the age-old custom of the Brahmins. Yarker also quotes the statement that the eighteenth canto of the *Purgatorio* is replete with the profoundest symbolism which the Freemasons claim for their own, to wit, the imperial eagle; the mystic ladder; the rose and cross; pelican; supper of the lamb; pillars of Faith, Hope, and Charity; symbolic colours; letters and geometric figures, as point, circle, triangle, square, and so on. Eugène Aroux, in his *Clef de la Comédie Anti-Catholique de Dante Alighieri*, refers to Dante as a "pasteur" of the Albigensian Church in the city of Florence, affiliated with the Order of the Temple;

while Gabriele Rossetti adds a link by his assertion that the Templars were originally of Egyptian derivation, and the Albigenses an emanation from them; also that certain sections of the second part of the *Commedia* exactly correspond with the course of the sectarian Mysteries.

On this basis, many of the parallels between the *Commedia* and the Mohammedan teachings are readily explicable. The Mysteries are the same the world over, and find expression in the same forms. It could scarcely be otherwise, they being, as they are, eternal verities, vividly alive. The uninitiated—we who live below a certain plane or level of consciousness—sense those realities but dimly, at best see their reflections. The initiate, having risen above that plane, sees, as Saint Paul expresses it, face to face, and the form is the same for East and for West, for Egyptian Pharaoh and humble slave, for Pagan, Mohammedan and Jew. Only the descriptions of the forms seen, would vary somewhat, as the initiate attempted to convey a hint of his experience to men of different race and of different religious habit. The subject is arresting, for it involves the whole matter of symbolism, and the difference between living symbols which carry with them the force of their reality, and the other type of symbol which is either man-made, or about which man has thrown the deadening influence of centuries of misconception or of lip service. Form, in our everyday world, has been confused, its significance nullified, just as everything else that man has tampered with. He has cross-bred and modified and twisted Nature's moulds to suit his own supposed need, or to satisfy his vanity, his sense of achievement,—until outer forms, instead of being truly symbolic (because truly expressive) of the reality behind them, are chiefly indicative, all too often, of the extent to which man has aligned himself with the current, or attempted to thwart it.

Yet the fact remains that, fundamentally, form *is* symbolic, that "God geometrizes", that the universe is built on number; and it must follow that on planes above our own, every reality has a form vitally expressive of the life which animates it. To take a suggestive fact from within our own experience: given a Red or Communist "demonstration"—try to represent it in line form, to depict in black and white the rigidity and strain, the jangling discord, the tense excitement, the raucous noise accompanying it, and the even more raucous silence that follows. Automatically, all smooth and flowing lines would be rejected. We should be hard pressed to find outlines sufficiently angular, harsh, jagged (cubist art might be regarded as a feeble expression of its hideousness). Going to the opposite pole, from hellish to heavenly things, is it not conceivable, by analogy, that certain lofty states, accessible to the initiate and known in Christian and Mohammedan parlance as Paradise, find their natural expression in Dante's representation of the nine astronomical spheres, the mystic rose, the nine concentric circles of angels (the more probable in view of what we have been told of the significance of the circle)? And granting this, there would be no question of "borrowing", for every initiate of a certain grade would see those things in that form. At a given stage, he would come into possession of all the signs and passwords pertinent to that stage and belonging to "all pure souls

equally". For present purposes, then, one of the most noteworthy features of Dr. Asín's really invaluable discoveries is their added testimony to the unity of truth. Mohammedan or Christian, from desert sand or flourishing city, flowering from congenial soil, or struggling against Papal persecution and oppression—basically, truth is the same. The elements of diversity, accretions gathered from its widely different contacts, merely lend added richness and often added strength.

As these lines of eastern influence, penetrating in a vast ellipse along both shores of the Mediterranean, come to a focus in the Italy of Dante's time, one marvels anew at the centuries of preparation, the patience, the foresight, the wisdom which lay behind and beneath the resultant awakening of humanity,—an awakening so profound, so far reaching, that man himself must needs see in it a rebirth: the Renaissance. The inspiration, the well-spring of it, except for the explanation afforded by Theosophy, is one of the enigmas of the ages. John Addington Symonds, trying to account for it, writes: "Not without reason are we forced to personify the Renaissance as something external to its greatest characters. There is an intellectual strength outside them in the century, a heritage of power prepared for them at birth. The atmosphere in which they breathe is so charged with mental vitality that the least stirring of their special energy brings them into relation with forces mightier than are the property of single natures." More than one of Italy's great men were aware of this swelling tide of the spirit, this life within life. To draw only from the realm of art, Michelangelo (as seen by Pater) is "always pressing forward from the outward beauty to apprehend the unseen beauty"—an enviable faculty! Leonardo, himself an enigma, embodying in his work as did no other the mystery and enchantment of the time, has been characterized as that "lover of all things double-natured and twin-souled"; while Botticelli, whether by instinct or through depth of understanding, painted men and women "saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink" —recognition, perhaps, of a glory too great for man to gaze upon without falling back, a prescience of the use which that most favoured nation was to make of its great gift.

The Renaissance—which has been said to contain the germ of nearly every noteworthy development (outwardly speaking) in subsequent centuries, down to our own day—is of course a still further instance of the Lodge method already outlined. Into its making went the gleanings from many a harvest of past ages. In its turn it became the storehouse, the depository from which the precious seeds, revivified and adapted, could be dispensed through ages to come. It laid down the line of a new frontier, becoming a half-way station for the sustenance of those who are pioneering toward that true Renaissance hidden as yet in the distant future.

J. C.

A STUDY IN GEOMETRY

THE body of philosophical teachings put forward by the Eastern Adepts in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, and which rises to its fullest expression in Madame H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, still remains as a stumbling block to science. Its uncanny anticipation of modern scientific discoveries provokes an uncomfortable feeling in the agnostic breast: there are too many "lucky guesses". Of course the only thing to do with an uncomfortable fact which threatens to disturb one's fatuous serenity, is to close one's eyes to it. This attitude has been so successfully adopted that a reference in University circles to *The Secret Doctrine* would be greeted at best with a smile of polite and amused tolerance. Lower Manas looks down from its high tower and says gently: "We have settled all that."

Nevertheless, the fact remains that *The Secret Doctrine* is particularly addressed to a scientific audience; a strong element of mathematics runs through it; its living touch plays over the keyboard of a dozen sciences; its scheme of evolution is cosmic in sweep, and its metaphysics is relativistic with a thoroughness which leaves the Einsteinians far in the rear.

The mathematics of the Book is peculiar and characteristic, and is regarded with contempt by the academic mathematician. How, he asks, can the simple notation of circles and triangles and squares conceivably be a key to those astronomical and physical problems which stagger the subtilest intellects of our own time? If we answer that the form of mathematics is Pythagorean, we have not advanced the cause of *The Secret Doctrine* with him. He has no interest in the "puerile fancies" of Greek philosophers.

Now a very little study would convince these very superior people that the Authors of *The Secret Doctrine* were well abreast of the most recent speculations in physics, and that they knew perfectly well that the ultimate solution of the mysteries of the cosmos and of man lies completely outside the human mind. Furthermore, they stated definitely that even a proximate solution was impossible in terms of the temporal-spatial world of Nineteenth Century thought. We are told, in terms permitting of no ambiguity, that all things in the physical world are but "sections" of the bodies of higher space—a remark which passed straight over the heads of certain members of the Society at the time, and led to interminable and futile "objections" to the philosophy because of its apparent traversal of accepted scientific doctrines. They were met with one quiet statement: *The Secret Doctrine* was written for the future, and the Twentieth Century would begin to understand what the Nineteenth Century found so difficult of comprehension.

This prophecy is being fulfilled among us, but what should have been, and was intended to be, a blessing from the *devas*, became "pierced with evil" by the *asuras*. For just as the psychologists of the time, rejecting the generous

offer of help in their specific field of research, are being forced to-day to give out a travestied and darkened testimonial to the truth of matters which they once denied dogmatically, so modern science, bewildered and groping, is driven to declare in distorted fashion the doctrine of relativity and the existence of modes of being transcending the world.

Yet there are people who still can hear, and who are not given over to arrogance and dogmatic denial; "there are a few names even in Sardis", and, blundering and unsatisfactory as this article is sure to be, it may serve to show them that a marvellous Treasure lies hidden beneath the veil of mathematical symbolism, and that sturdy effort, both moral and intellectual, devoted to the theosophic doctrines, will reveal its outline.

At the outset it should be understood that there is no least possibility of conflict between any scientific fact and the theosophical philosophy. Where there is an apparent conflict it means that we have not understood. This philosophy as laid down in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere, embodies the principles upon which the manifested cosmos rests. They are axiomatic in a far deeper sense than the axioms of Euclid, and I hold, just as certain physicists have suspected, and as Pythagoras asserted ages ago, that these principles are the expression of a Mind, one aspect of which is reflected, and may be approached, through Mathematics.

Theosophical physics, as we have said, is relativistic, and with a consistent thoroughness. It attempts no premature monism—a pit into which Western thought is always tumbling—and even its Absolute may be regarded, paradoxically, though rigorously in accord with logic, as only a "Relative Absolute". Its scheme of relativity, if I understand it rightly, holds that the antithesis of subject and object pertains to other than the purely physical world, and that consciousness and matter are likewise opposed on higher planes of space. Consequently it asserts the possibility of transcendental "objective" experience —a possibility which is, and always has been, the object and sole guarantee of the religious life. In this assertion it comes into sharp conflict with the current scientific agnosticism whose own highest notion of metaphysical existences is confined to the formulation of symbolical equations dealing with the relations of abstract quantities.

Theosophy has no place for this kind of academic dalliance which, in all but the rarest cases, is little more than a superior sort of cross-word puzzle. Its symbols are not mere paper promises-to-pay; they are backed up by solid metal, and the x and y of the mathematician are redeemable at the bank of Theosophy. So, to sum up the matter, mathematics, philosophy, literature—as games which the lurking "whisperer" loves to play—have no place in the true Theosophy. Taken as a means to a transcendent goal they offer rich rewards, since the discipline of *Jnâna*, as well as the disciplines of *Bhakti* and *Karma*, has its contribution to make to man's progress.

I propose, then, that we should consider closely some of the implications which common sense, aided by the ancient Theosophy, may reveal to us in certain simple and fundamental geometric concepts. We may come to see

before we finish that an approximate apprehension, even, of the real nature of the circles, triangles and squares of the Stanzas of Dzyan, involves every mental power we possess, and finally leaves reason and imagination staggering. These so simple-seeming Pythagorean units turn out to be most mysterious quantities.

"The Eternal Parent (Space) . . . ": so begins the first Stanza of Dzyan, thereby, at the very outset, establishing its teaching upon the basic Stuff of which the Cosmos is made, and declaring its intention to deal with that Cosmos from the objective standpoint of science. The Commentary informs us later that "Space is the one form of existence"—an Einsteinian "discovery" hailed last year with great acclaim by the daily press. What is Space—this irreducible form of Existence which "no human mind can either exclude from any conception, or even conceive of by itself", and which forms the very substratum of the world? No definition can bring us any closer to its basic nature, because uncompounded things have no attributes by which they may be described. Still I think something will be gained if we inquire into the relative forms under which space manifests itself to us. We are thereby led at once to a close consideration of the ideal magnitudes of geometry.

Human beings can deal easily with three forms or modes of space: the line, the surface, and the volume—and the relations between them have been pretty thoroughly investigated by speculative geometry. The straight line moving in any but its own direction during any time interval, generates the surface; the surface moving out of its own level and through any time interval, generates the volume. If the movement of the lower representation be at right angles to its own extension and proceed through a distance equal to that extension, then the symmetrical square or cube is the result. Always, be it noted, the genesis of the superior figure involves time and motion.

Now physics is beginning to suspect what occultism has always taught, that a fourth form of space can be derived from the third form. If the cube sets off in a direction at right angles to its three known axes, it will conceivably generate a figure which bears the same relation to the cube that the cube bears to the square. This body has been called the tessaract, and its rationale is based upon analogetical reasoning. When the square bounded by four lines leaves the plane and advances into 3-space, its initial and its final positions form, as it were, the front and back of the cube, while its four sides generate the top and bottom and the two lateral faces. So if the cube sets off into 4-space, its original and final positions will likewise provide two boundaries, "front and back", while each of its six faces will generate six "lateral" cubes. In Figure 1, the large outer cube corresponds to the "front", while the small inner one corresponds to the "back". The six tetragonal truncated pyramids which connect the faces of the small cube with those of the large one, are the "sides". The diminished size of the inner member, and the pyramidal form of the cubes which connect it with the outer one, result from the principle of perspective.

So it is apparent that the volume limits and bounds the bodies of hyperspace just as the surface limits and bounds those of 3-space. Therefore our tables

and chairs, our voluminous friends and relatives, are only volumetric superficies, or a kind of 3-dimensional film which covers the bodies of 4-space. It is this volumetric film which we generally call matter, and with which we think we are rather familiar. It comes as something of a shock to the mind to learn how exceedingly mysterious the volumetric content of bodies really is, and a brief analysis suffices to show that we know nothing about matter as a volume, because our experience is limited entirely to the exploration of the surface of things.

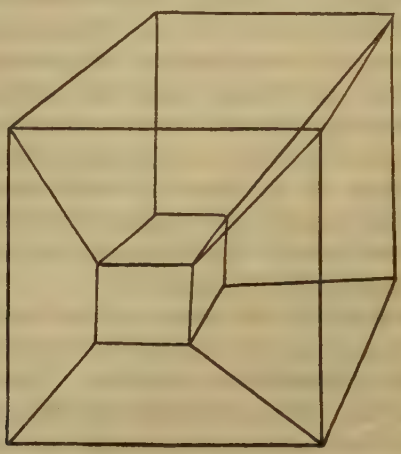

FIG. 1, THE TESSARACT

To make this proposition clearer, let us seek the acquaintance of that convenient gentleman, Mr. A_2 of Flat-land who lives upon a 2-dimensional plane. Once, so he tells us, he entered Cube-land or 3-space in a vision and saw the strange insides of the bodies he had left behind in Flat-land. Returning to his own home and striving to tell of the glories of that heavenly country, he was promptly clapped into prison by the authorities on the charge of misleading the people. There he has been languishing ever since, walled in by impenetrable *lines*. For in Flat-land, where there is neither up nor down, it is evident that all bodies are bounded by lines to which Flat-land senses must confine their explorations. Lines, therefore, constitute the matter of 2-space. That unknown and mysterious something which lies inside the lines, and which binds them into wholes, is planal space—the identical, commonplace, planal space which covers all the volumetric things around us and is wide open to our own sense organs. Matter, then, is only the limiting condition of sensuous exploration in any space-plane, and it would be much better to use the term in this sense, and to employ the word substance for the volumetric contents of bodies. But what is this unknown substance—this volumetric content which binds the matter (planal space) of our world into volumetric wholes? It cannot be seen; no instrument can penetrate it. Cut open an apple and two new *surfaces* meet the eye; thrust the hand into water and it contacts *surface*—the film of the

tension membrane which immediately forms around it. To know volumetric space as a sensuous phenomenon, we should have to do exactly what A_2 did; it would be necessary to step out of our world into a higher space-plane. Then, looking backward into the insides of things, we should *see* volumetric space as a visible volumetric homogeneity. Moreover, we should see, not only the insides of a cube, but the six faces would be visible all at once. I suspect that this is the geometrical equivalent of psychic vision. The psychic's consciousness has, indeed, entered a higher space-plane, but he is still gazing backward at the world he has quitted. He sees it in a new way, to be sure, but its old flat limits are still visible. He is quite unaware of the fact that his new transparent and visibly volumetric world is itself only a "surface"—a new "matter" bounding a hyperspatial world of substance, where four lines can meet at a point, and can all stand at right angles to each other.

But there are aspects of A_2's psychological adventure which he does not appear to have considered. In the first place he seems never to have realized that he himself is not a square at all. He is really a cube (or a tessaract or a hypertessaract or—what you will). In the second place I opine that Flat-land is not flat. Now, indeed, we begin to get into deep waters. It is highly probable that A_2 is really living all the time upon a sphere—it may be the same round earth which we 3-space mortals inhabit. All his world of 2-space is conceivably domed outward into 3-space, and his "Flat-land" is a pure *maya* resting upon the same imperfect apprehension which causes our own uncorrected vision to transform a sphere into a circle. But if A_2 is, indeed, living upon a sphere, then the radii of all the circles of his world are curved lines drawn upon the surface of a sphere, and his horses, his cats and dogs, and his grandsons (those "promising young hexagons") are all warped.

We need to consider carefully the implications of this proposition, which rather knocks Euclidean plane geometry into a cocked hat, since it is built upon the concept of the unwarped plane surface and this appears to be a misconception of a *maya*. We proceed to rewrite the geometry of Flat-land after the following manner. Its geographical boundary must be a great circle or circumference of the sphere, and Flat-land astronomy must concern itself with a flat sidereal space which radiates to infinity in the plane of the earth circle. The latter part of this proposition is known to Flat-land geographers and astronomers. If, for the sake of familiar terminology, we think of A_2 as standing at the North Pole of the earth we shall realize that he applies the term radii to the curving meridians of longitude which run outward from the point beneath his feet. To him they are straight lines drawn from the centre to the circumference of a disc, and by no possible means could he grasp the idea of their true curvilinear course. If we insist to him that the radii of a circle are curved lines, his closest approach to the concept will be that which is represented by Figure 2.

He conceives the radii as arcs of circles lying in his own plane but so immense in radius that their curvature is negligible. This, by the way, is the sort of false reasoning which underlies the generally accepted proposition that a circle of

infinite radius is bounded by a straight line. We can, however, involve the gentleman in a worse paradox by our assurance that if the "radii" of the Flat-land circle be continued outward, they approach one another and finally meet at a point. For directly beneath his feet lies another pole to which the "radii of the circle" converge and of which he has no least notion.

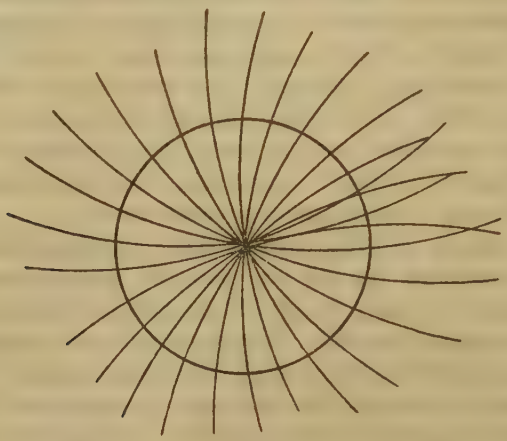

FIG. 2

Now A_2 knows two sorts of straight lines in Flat-land. One of them—the radii—or, as we know them to be, the great circles of longitude, remain straight when subjected to the most delicate instrumental tests. The other kind of line can be proved to be curved; it is really the arc of a small circle—a parallel of latitude perhaps. Its "matter", too, will appear to Flat-land vision as a straight line, but when viewed along an axis which lies at right angles to its course, it seems brighter or more definite in its middle and fades into obscurity at the ends. A large element in the education of little Flat-landers, so we are told, is instruction in the recognition by sight of the various angular degrees which separate the classes of society. To resort to touch to distinguish a triangular soldier from a circular priest, is a most distressing *gaucherie*.

It is high time, however, to come back to our own familiar demesne and to set our own house in order. The two sorts of lines found in Flat-land are matched in our world by two sorts of planes. The apparent disc of the sun or moon, and the flat ground we walk on, are admitted illusions due to the 2-dimensional nature of vision. Instrumental tests will reveal the trick played upon us, and will enable us to arrive at the concept of the sphere—a form which has never been *seen* by any ordinary mortal. The lines which run across their surfaces are arcs of circles. This we can all admit without argument. Yet all around us are "truly flat" surfaces such as table tops, floors and walls, and no suspicion has hitherto crossed our minds that they can be anything else but flat. The most delicate instruments may reveal no curvatures; lines which lie in their plane correspond to the mathematically straight rays along which light travels. Now these planes seem to be the analogues of the great circles

of Flat-land; indeed, they are the planes of these very circles. They must, therefore, represent portions of the surfaces of spheres which stand at right angles to the world of 3-space. For just as the plane circle made up of an infinite number of straight radii is really a *maya* of a spherical surface made up of an infinite number of arcs of circumference, so the sphere, apparently composed of an infinite number of circular flat planes, is the *maya* of a hypersphere made up of an infinite number of spheres which have been flattened by conceptual vision. The idea may be approached in another way. Our physical vision transforms a sphere into a plane—into an equatorial great circle through whose centre passes an infinite number of diameters. Under this condition our line of sight lies along a radius of the sphere, or is at right angles to the plane of the *mayavic* circle. Now a sphere can be *thought* as an infinite collectivity of circles. Therefore our mental line of sight must fall perpendicularly to the centre of all of them, or it must be at right angles to 3-space at all points, which is, I take it, the criterion for the existence of 4-dimensional thinking.[1] In other words, consciousness is poised "outside" and "above" the centre of the sphere in a new kind of space. Our earth sphere, or any sphere for that matter, is the "equatorial member" of the aggregation which constitutes the hypersphere, and which happens to lie in the plane of conceptual vision. This is simply saying that conceptual thinking can already penetrate the psychic world which becomes visible to the "clairvoyant". We think thoughts and the psychic sees them—that is the difference. Just as A_2, hovering over the pole of the earth, flattens or transforms the sphere into a circle and reads the planes (great circles) of the sphere as radii, so conceptual thinking transforms the hypersphere into a globe and reads the constituent spheres as constituent planes.

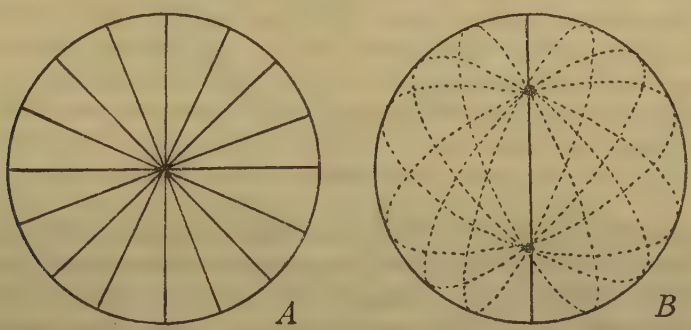

FIG. 3

In Fig. 3*A* is represented the appearance of a transparent sphere marked with circles of longitude and viewed from above the pole. Suppose we give the system a slight rotary motion beneath our feet so that the north pole moves forward and downward. Immediately a south pole appears and travels a corresponding distance upward, while the movement plays havoc with the "radii"

[1] Charlton, John; "Do We Think in Four Dimensions?" THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. X, 44-49.

of the circle and transforms the system into the exquisite design shown in Fig. 3*B*.

It may be that in this simple transformation there lies the key to the principle of dualism. Fig. 3*A* is not only the projection of the polar hemisphere of a sphere, but represents also the sphere in its totality with its central point. This is the symbol which pertains to the second Stanza of Dzyan. It is the circle (or sphere) "with centre everywhere and circumference nowhere". Figure 3*B* represents the same sphere—a higher unity—projecting its poles upon a lower space. It is, perhaps, the basis for the symbol which pertains to the third Stanza of Dzyan—the circle which is crossed by the line.[2] Taken as a circle with central or polar point, Fig. 3*A* may be the geometrical equivalent of that well-known condition in which people are incapable of seeing the other point of view. They have taken a position in which the opposite pole of the problem is hidden from sight.

The symbol which pertains to the fourth Stanza of Dzyan is a circle crossed by vertical and horizontal diameters. If we keep to the ideas outlined above, we shall see that this is the *maya* of a trinity of spheres whose axes lie respectively in the three planes of space (Fig. 4).

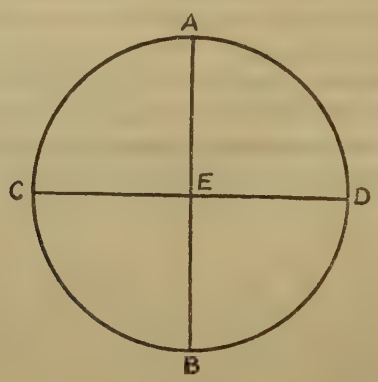

FIG. 4

That a sphere becomes a line when it is rotated completely out of 3-space, is evident from careful consideration of the analogous phenomenon which pertains to the rotating circular plane. The latter figure swings from full circle through ellipses of decreasing width till it stands edge-on to 2-space and appears as a line. But each of these plane figures is only the projection of a volumetric figure which pertains to the plane above. Consequently we can affirm that the sphere swings into 4-space as a narrowing ellipsoid till it, too, resolves into a line. If it were in rapid rotation the movement would appear as a rhythmic, pulsatory activity of contraction and expansion. From all this it follows that the diameters of a sphere are themselves an infinity of spheres whose axes lie at right angles to 3-space, and that the visible sphere itself is the single member of the

[2] Mitchell, H. B.; "The Sense of the Infinite", THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, II, 173-174.

hyperspheric aggregation which lies in full 3-space. Between the two extremes are found the ellipsoids such as those which apear in Fig. 3*B*, and which represent spheres whose axes are oblique to 3-space. In short, a circle, an ellipse, and a line are all circles, and are the respective projections of a sphere, an ellipsoid, and a line, and these, in their turn, are all spheres.

We may now return to Figure 4 and will understand that its two diameters represent two spheres seen "edge on" to 3-space, and with their poles respectively at AB and CD, while the third member of the trinity is the enclosing circle which is the projection of a sphere lying in 3-space with its north pole at E.

Let us now start the system into gyroscopic motion. It changes at once into Figure 5. The exact character of the movement will be best understood if one

FIG. 5

experiments with three pencils held at right angles to one another and whose tips represent the poles of the constituent spheres. The six poles are carried respectively to the positions A'B', C'D', while poles E'F' arise from the north pole E and its formerly invisible south pole companion, F. Each constituent sphere has now become an ellipsoid. If smaller circles be drawn about each pole, we find that we have the familiar senary of globes which Madame Blavatsky uses so often to illustrate the activity of cyclic law in nature. It will be noted, too, that the double triangle appears in the centre of the system.

Another interesting detail is somewhat concealed by the multiplicity of lines. Let us approach it in a roundabout fashion. Suppose we take a position once more directly above the polar point of a watery globe, and drop a stone into the ocean beneath our feet. A wave spreads outward to the horizon in ever widening circles. Reaching the horizon, it appears to be reflected and to travel back again to the centre whence it emanated. If one wave follows another in rapid sequence, the effect of the combined centrifugal and centripetal movements will be that of motion in two directions at the same time. This is a very pretty *maya* which can easily be resolved into a higher reality if we consider Figure 6, which is but a detail of our previous figure re-drawn for closer study.

Two sectors of an advancing wave series are represented in Fig. 6*A* as viewed from the position just above the pole. Arcs *ab* and *cd* constitute re-

flecting surfaces. Motion is in both directions at the same time, as the arrows indicate. In Fig. 6*B*, we have the same sphere slightly rotated to show both poles, N and S, and to exhibit the true course of the wave. Obviously it does not return along its own path, and is not "reflected" back to the centre whence it emanated. After attaining the opposite pole of the globe, it reverses its sides so that the right and left hands interchange, and it returns to its place of origin in mirror image. All the Theosophical serpents have their tails in their mouths; all the reflections we observe in nature—the wave rebounding from the rock, the ripple returning to the point of disturbance, the rays of light thrown back from the mirror, the sound rebounding from the cliff to produce an echo—are but shadows of cyclic activities which proceed elsewhere and otherwise. The principle of reflection (and refraction falls into the same category) follows Euclidean plane geometry into the cocked hat.

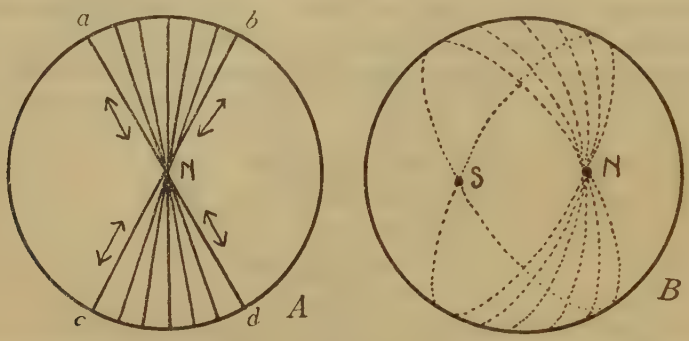

Fig. 6

Let us come to grips now with the more difficult phenomenon which is presented by a sphere of ether through which waves of light are propagated from a shining body. The etheric sphere is a curvilinear, 3-dimensional superficies which covers a hemi-hypersphere. From the centre of this sphere we must imagine the emanation of a cone of light which widens outward to the periphery of the sphere, and is then reflected back to its source. Once more we face the problem of motion in two directions at the same time, and Fig. 6*B* has supplied the key to the paradox; we are, in fact, trying to carry the whole system one plane upward. The cone of light rays must be moving in a curvilinear path through or over some inconceivable warp in 3-space. Arrived at the periphery of the globe, it begins to contract its diameter, and still keeping to its curved course, it swings downward to a south pole at the centre of the other sphere of the polarized duad. Perhaps the archaic symbol called the "Horns of Isis" applies to this Figure. Arrived at the south pole, the "duplicate horn" reverses its course and passes backward "on the other side of space" till it comes again to its starting point. It is quite evident that this conception lies outside our normal comprehension. Rays of light (to us) move in *straight lines*, not in curved ones. Perhaps the closest approximation we can get to the notion

is to imagine two hour glasses set one on top of the other (Fig. 7). Points A and A′ of this figure are really in contact, and the reader is invited to try to bring them into that relation by bending each constituent ray of the four cones into a circle.

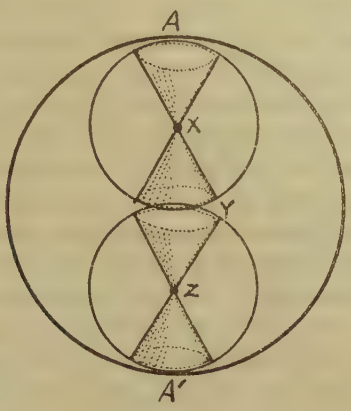

FIG. 7

But what does the Figure represent in terms of experience? It appears to be the geometrical symbol of cyclic law. Suppose we apply it to the cycle of incarnation. I take it that X represents the point of birth, Y the full expansion of manhood, Z the point of death. Then comes expansion of life in the Devachanic realm, followed by gradual diminution "as the lunar lord waxes and wanes", till, with the full circle complete, rebirth occurs at point X. But here enters another subtile factor which opens up the difficult problem of spiral motion. Point Y is not at rest; the whole system is in translation through 4-space. Consequently, the circle of incarnation does not return precisely to point X but comes back instead to a place perhaps some 2000 *years* ahead of it! If the reader will introduce this idea into Figure 6*B*, he will realize, I think, that he has the key to the Greek caduceus.

There remain two outstanding aspects of these figures which need consideration. One of them concerns the nature of forms bounded by straight lines and plane surfaces, which assuredly must arise from all this welter of *maya*, and in which category stand the cube, the tessaract, and the host of crystal forms which fill our mineralogical cabinets. It is a subject too big to be dealt with in an article which is already exceeding the bounds of QUARTERLY decorum.

My other concern is with the Point. Now the Point is a very unsatisfactory geometrical quantity, or rather, a negation of quantity. *The Secret Doctrine* assures us that all things emanate from a Point, and we have wondered how that which has magnitude could arise from that which has no magnitude at all. Can it be that in the welter of misconceptions we have misconceived this also?

We take our stand on a railroad track—perhaps at the centre of a system of such tracks—and look away across a flat country. Ahead of us stretches an

elongated triangle whose radii—the iron rails—meet at an apical point on the horizon. If we turn about, we see another and similar triangle behind us. If we move forward mile upon mile, the same relations hold. Always we stand at the place where two triangles meet. And quite literally they are seen vertically upright, though never, of course, at the same moment, because man can only see in one direction at a time.[3] Though we can never reach the apices of the triangles any more than we can attain to the end of the rainbow, yet the non-existent apex can be photographed, and on the photograph one can place one's finger on a point which literally does not exist. Now, if the railroad lines be considered as two radii of that circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere, it follows as a logical consequence that the centre of a circle, or of a sphere, photographs a non-existent point. The centre of a circle does not exist; it, too, is a pure *maya* based upon the identical law (whatever that may be) which is responsible for visual perspective. Even as the railway lines might conceivably circle the whole globe, keeping strictly parallel to one another, so the radii of a circle may conceivably not meet at a central point, but pursue instead a curvilinear and parallel path through space, and return again from an opposite direction. They seem, in fact, to be concentric rather than convergent lines; their type of concentricity is more like that of parallels of latitude upon a globe. We have seen already that the rays of light which pass from the sun seem to follow curved paths through a closed system and to return to the sun again. More than this, they should pursue parallel and not divergent paths. Of course the circle itself is but the *maya* of a sphere which is the *maya* of a hypersphere which . . . till finally, in this headlong journey through space, one arrives at the dim conception of a condition where there is neither centre nor circumference, neither perceiver nor perceived, and where space is completely "unwarped".

Many promising lines of investigation suggest themselves in this connection. First of all the apparent difference in the magnitude of certain bodies may likewise depend upon perspective. The toy-like locomotive five miles away is identical with the monster which rushes past us. Is the atom, perhaps, a universe at an enormous remove? Is the fertilized egg the organism itself far away in space, and is its development and increase only our nearer vision as, fixed to the rim of the great wheel of time, it rolls forward out of the future? Referring once more to Fig. 5, it becomes evident that the size of the central figure (the double triangle) is dependent upon the amount of inclination which the great circles which compose it have undergone, and that the inclination of the great circles is bound up with the rotation of the whole system. The star exists potentially in Fig. 4, but its manifestation is conditioned by the rotary time movement.

Thus a simple study in geometry has placed in our hands a key to some of the symbols of *The Secret Doctrine*, and has unlocked a door into a cosmos which is marvellous in its intellectual beauty. I am prepared to believe that

[3] Mitchell, H. B., "Background and Glamour", THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, XXI, 11-18.

with the help of Madame Blavatsky's great work, and with sufficient patience and imagination, one might arrive at a consistent mental picture of the universe as a volumetric system in 3-space, whose 4-spatial extension should be represented under the form of perspective. Beyond that it is questionable if the mind can go. Whether it is worth while to attempt it is another question. The time and labour involved are enormous, and when all is done, what have we? A distorted representation to the mind of a 4-dimensional cosmos whose attributes account in a satisfactory manner—indeed I should say in a manner far more satisfactory than any scientific theory at present in vogue—for the known structural and dynamical principles of the universe. But let us be warned: this knowledge, taken as an end in itself, is hollow—just as hollow as is physical science when it is pursued as an end in itself. As Shankara says:

"Skill in setting forth the sacred texts and learning are for the delectation of the learned, but do not bring liberation. When the supreme reality is not known, the reading of the scriptures is fruitless. Even when the supreme reality is known by the mind only, the reading of the scriptures is fruitless".

The intellect is a valuable instrument just as the hand is a valuable instrument; it is the pioneer which may sometimes penetrate a new region in advance of our true exploration and occupancy. Yet, as we tried to point out at the beginning of this article, the possibility of vivid realization underlies every theosophical symbol and diagram. In our hands lies a heap of paper notes. Shall we not try to convert them into the gold of experience?

R. E. T.

Man is not alone: the Angel of the Presence of the Infinite is with him.—FIONA MCLEOD.

The present inequalities of circumstances and character are thus not wholly explicable within the sphere of the present life. But this world is not the only world. Every soul has existed from the beginning; it has therefore passed through others before it reaches the final consummation. It comes into this world strengthened by the victories or weakened by the defeats of its previous life. Its place in this world as a vessel appointed to honour or dishonour is determined by its previous merits or demerits. Its work in this world determines its place in the world which is to follow this.—ORIGEN.

ROME

TOO many people regard Rome as a place to "do"; a very hard place to "do", too,—one of the worst. The serious minded say solemnly, "It takes at least twenty years to know Rome." Thomas Cook says: "You *must* spend a week there." But the prize is always given to the young woman who put her baby in the arms of a terrified Attaché at the Embassy, and "did" Rome in a day. Few realize how perfectly delicious it is to live in Rome without doing anything.

When Mr. Einstein ponderously announced to the world that time and space were relative, he may have surprised the males of the nations, but women have always known it so well that they have never thought it worth making a fuss about. One of the most delightful things about Italy is that its time is so spacious. That may be one reason why Rome is called the Eternal City. When you stay there and let go of your duty as a tourist, time has no measure. It is just one golden day after another. Indeed, I should say, that is a mark of real civilization, the sense of Eternity. In some favoured spots, like Mexico, for example, it is just morning or evening, never five o'clock or ten o'clock, and maybe it isn't to-day; maybe it is to-morrow or next week.

And as time is larger and more fluid, so the air, the sunlight is different. A richly filled atmosphere bathes all things. Between you and the pine tree is something thick as amber, transparent but heavy, unseen but living. Gold, liquid gold, dissolved like that of the Philosophers, floats in the air. Gold is the colour of Rome, purple and gold.

Every city has its hour, and the hour of Rome is five o'clock. Then the bells of all the churches suddenly boom out. Such a ringing, such a jangling. The air is filled with sound. Myriads of swifts fly up and dart about, twittering in their Vespertine ritual. The sun begins to set in a splendour of aureate fire. Clouds of gold steam up over the old chrome-coloured houses; rays of gold stream down. The great domes turn from gold to rose and violet. Flames burn and die behind the Monte Mario, and as the gold fades, the purple deepens. All the Romans come out to do nothing with lavish intensity.

I have been to Rome several times, but the visit I like to dwell upon is one I made there as a child, before the war, before the magnificent advent of Fascismo. In those happy days there were no motor cars and no efficiency. Now, not only has time changed, but space has changed even more. Everything used to be remote, hard to get to, to be lingered over when reached. No doubt about it: I am a premature old Fogey. I prefer the inconveniences of the past.

Then, O Tempora, O Mores! we had to take a horse cab to go to places. That in itself was an adventure. You had to scrutinize the heads of the coachmen to discover the most *simpatico*. You had to argue about the fare, an argu-

ment requiring the use of great qualities, tact, wit, firmness, graceful pliancy, patience. Finally, all was settled. Off you went with a terrific cracking of the whip and loud shouts, at a vertiginous speed of three miles an hour. You sat back luxuriously. You could see everything. If it were hot you were shaded by a beautiful old orange umbrella, just like the King of Siam in all his glory. You could stop when you wanted and step out. No rushing by at sixty miles an hour, and we know that all chauffeurs without exception make it a duty to rush by any place one particularly wants to stop at or to see. You arrived at your destination rested, calm and content, not a mass of quivering nerves from hairbreadth escapes, almost dead, having missed killing six men, ten women and a dog. No. You got out and looked around for a *spremuta di limone* before making any more exertions.

In those days, when you went to the Janiculum, you spent the afternoon. When you went to the Pamphili gardens, you took your luncheon. You took your luncheon and made a day of it when you drove outside the walls. We used to talk of going to the Villa di Papa Giulio. "Someday, we shall take our luncheon, get a carriage, and spend the day at the Papa Giulio." We never did go. The last time I was in Rome, we dashed down the new road from the Pincian past a palace. What is that? Oh, that is the Papa Giulio.

Then, when you went to the Vatican, the collections, museums and chapels each opened on a different day. You had to go time and time again, and as you never knew and no one else ever knew what was when, you had unexpected pleasures. Now, with good legs, you can do the Vatican in a morning.

I do not wish to suggest that Italy has lost its charm. No indeed. Even motors and time-tables and law and order have not spoiled it. Nothing can spoil Italy.

Every little ramble is a delightful adventure. You start down the street to buy a pair of gloves. First, you must rejoice in the day, the sweet air, the golden ambiance, the particular blue the sky is spreading forth. Then you pause to admire the carving an artisan is cutting in his shop, open to the street. The cat-meat man is sending some meat for the cat, up to the third story, in a basket let down by a string. You must watch the basket's progress and safe arrival. You go by the shop where they make votive hearts out of silver, to hang before the saints. There are hearts hanging all over the outside of the shop in glass cases, and you must pick out the one you would hang before the object of your veneration. Then, there is the dark, rich cavern labelled "Antichità." You can never get by that. You plunge in. There are bits of crimson damask, intarsia boxes, white pottery jugs with bouquets of lilies and iris in blue, fragments of wrought iron, candlesticks, terrible pictures in the style of Carlo Dolce or the Eclectics, cross-eyed Magdalens and gloomy St. Jeromes. The game is to find something old. You come away with a tiny Empire bead bag, or a little picture in microscopic mosaic of a butterfly on a blade of grass. In the process of acquiring it, you have had a heart to heart talk with the shopkeeper. Italians, while they have not the perfect manners of the Spanish, have very good manners of their own, because they are entirely natural, and naturally amiable

and human. They never have to advertize their manners as do Americans. I have this minute picked up a package of matches, the kind that has advertizing on the back. This one says: "So and So's restaurant—Where good food, friendliness and cleanliness predominate." Doesn't that sound dreadful? So unnatural, such an effort. In Italy no one would think of saying such things. You expect as a matter of course to get good food and politeness. As for cleanliness, Italian houses are very clean because everything dirty can be thrown right out in the street. And now, even the street is cleaned.

One emerges from the shop. Ha! Hot roasted chestnuts. That odour of chestnuts in autumn! You buy a little bag of them and sit down on the edge of a fountain to eat them. A beggar comes up. Italian beggars know that I love them just because they are Italians. They do not exhibit horrible deformities like northern beggars, who have to show you a club foot or a sore to drag pity out of your heart, and who curse you if you do not give them money. An Italian beggar is just himself. Look, Signorina, I am human and poor, and you are human and rich. So you give him some coppers out of fellow-feeling.

By the time you have eaten the chestnuts and studied the architectural details of the Piazza and observed that Torquato Tasso once stopped in that house, and have recited to yourself what you can remember of his song on the Golden Age—*O Bella età del'oro*—you can go and buy those gloves, or go home without them. You have had a profitable morning.

Yes: the great charm of doing nothing in Rome is that there are so many places to do it in. You *can't* do nothing in New York; at least, not for long or in comfort. Try sitting on the steps of the Public Library, or seeing the Aquarium. But in Rome you can do nothing in a new place every day, and enrich your consciousness until you spread out through the ages. There are so many Romes to choose from. The Rome of the ancient Romans. You can peep down into the Cloaca Maxima, or hang over the Tarpeian Rock. You can stand on the very rostrum where Mark Antony spoke Shakespeare's oration over Julius Cæsar. You can turn your thumbs down as you sit in the Colosseum. Here is the house of Nero, and an imaginative guide will show you Poppæa's bedroom. Here are baths and tombs and temples and portraits of all the gentlemen whose Latin we used to construe. Here is Marcus Aurelius at the Capitol and Trajan in his Forum; our Epictetus walked here. One may follow Cicero around, if one can imagine wanting to. Perhaps one is standing where Apollonius of Tyana became invisible, to the astonishment of the Emperor Domitian. What grandeur, what solidity! Great vaults and arches, marble columns and ruins deep in flowers, the magnificent acanthus plant curving its leaves at the base of the Corinthian crowned shafts. There is the Appian Way. How ancient, how silent is the Campagna! It fades away in violet to the volcanic peaks of the mountains, and the Aqueduct fades with it. Tombs, broken statues and columns, the stone road with its ruts made by chariot wheels, a few pines and cypresses. You sit on a mound in the midst of enchanting flowers, Love-in-a-Mist, Centaurea, Scabius, pinks, bluebells. Sometimes great flocks of sheep go by in a cloud of dust, driven by a shepherd with his crook, carrying, perhaps, one little lamb,

like the Good Shepherd in the Catacomb drawings, or playing upon a pipe just as he did when Rome was a small town on two or three hills.

There is the Rome of the early Christians. You see the spot where the Master said to Peter, *Quo Vadis?* You see the court where Paul was judged, and the three fountains that sprang up where he was executed. I shall always remember St. Paul's outside the Walls, not only for its lovely cloisters with their twisted columns, but for a Vesper service I heard there. The service was said at the back of the Altar, facing the nave, before the rounded apse of the basilica. There were three priests in magnificent robes, chasubles, dalmatics, and copes of emerald brocade. The Gregorian music rolled out in recurrent waves like those of the sea, and the priests rose, genuflected and kneeled and rose again, while behind them glittered the great gold mosaic vault of the apse like the vault of the sky. One felt that one was standing on the shores of the sea at sunset.

There is the tomb of St. Peter, and there are the catacombs and the bones of the Martyrs, until one feels like the child who wept before the picture of the Martyrs in the Circus, and said, "One poor lion hasn't got a Christian."

There is the Rome of the Middle Ages. So violent, so intense it seems to us who live in the days of Al Capone. They wrenched the stones out of the Forum to build their solid palaces, and dragged the porphyry and travertine columns off for their churches. The Colonna and the Orsini fought in the streets. I suppose we have all read Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi*, and we go to mourn his fate on the steps of the Ara Cœli, where, also, the body of Beatrice Cenci lay exposed for ignominy.

Sta. Maria in Cosmedin is to me the loveliest church in Rome. It is very small, very old and exquisite, with its altar surrounded by a colonnade set with pots of pinks.

There is the Rome of the Renaissance, and that Rome is so huge, so abundant, so overflowing, that one could live in it for ages. Exhausting one's dreams in Devachan must be like absorbing the Rome of the Renaissance. Popes, politicians, princes, poets and artists; Botticelli, Michael Angelo, and Cellini down from Florence, Raphael from Urbino, Pinturicchio from Siena, not only all of Italy but all of Europe comes, even Joachim du Bellay, writing his homesick sonnets.

"Plus me plaist le séjour qu'on basty mes ayeux
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux,
Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine;

Plus mon Loyre Gaulois que le Tibre Latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré que le Mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la doulceur angevine."

St. Peter's, the Vatican, villas, fountains, everything on such a scale!—But we shall begin to feel as though we were doing something.

We must just make three little pilgrimages to three particular points of interest. First, to the tomb of Cardinal Cusa, the occultist. He is buried in

San Pietro in Vincoli, where one sees the fetters St. Peter wore in prison, and the "Moses" of Michael Angelo. Then to the square before Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, where Giordano Bruno was burned, and third, to the cell in the Castel San Angelo where Cagliostro is said to have been imprisoned.

I am not fond of Roman churches. One may stroll in to hear a Mass served with imperial pomp at St. Peter's, or to hear the nuns sing Vespers at the Trinità del Monte, or to fancy oneself in the seventeenth century in the exuberant Baroque of the Gesù; but churches are not where one lingers in Rome.

The gardens of Rome. No other gardens have exactly that same charm, something so mellow, so rich, so negligé, such beds of violets that the air is heavy with perfume, such cascades of yellow roses, hedges of clipped box, and moss-spotted, mutilated, marble gods, and parasol pines. There is a framework of design, of order, but things grow upon it nonchalantly. There is nothing of that "Interior Decorator" look, where things are all "of the period", and so perfect that for a daisy to pop up is a sin. Most of these gardens are on hills, and have splendid views over the city and off to the mountains. On a clear day, from the Pincian, one can see the sea sparkling at the horizon.

The fountains of Rome. Respighi has written a magnificent orchestral piece about them. Each fountain plays; the fountain of the Papa Giulio, the fountain of Trevi, the fountain of the Janiculum, and the music flows, bubbles up, cascades, subsides. It is the very voice of Rome, for, wherever one lingers one hears the sound of water, from the fountain of the Janiculum which is like a tremendous cataract of Nature itself, to the little basin in our garden, with its "elephant ear" plants, under which we hid the water-melons to cool. Fountains and bells. You know the bells personally; the deep boom of San Carlo in Corso, and the gay little jangle of the parish church.

Fountains and bells and flowers. Everyone has seen the Spanish Steps at the Trinità del Monte covered from top to bottom with all the flowers of the season—*Manibus date lilia plenis*—but have they seen the Protestant cemetery, where Keats is buried, in Spring, one grove of blossoming camelia trees, numberless rosettes of silk, white, red, rose, striped, spotted, dazzling against that sky of cobalt? Flowers above one, flowers fallen upon the tombs, and upon the grass, itself embroidered with white violets and periwinkle. Have they seen the oleanders, masses of rose, powdered over with the white dust of August? Have they found the tiny wild pink cyclamen under its mottled, heart-shaped leaves?

"Fie, fie," someone is saying to me; "such idleness. Rome was not built thus, by people who did nothing."

So it was not, nor is to-day. Yet one always has time for enjoying things there. One is not so fatigued by this perpetual hurry and noise and clattering about, looking busy.

Just see what these people, "without the advantages of modern inventions", managed to accomplish. They managed to build Rome after Rome, to create one beautiful thing after another, to pour so much love and spirit into what they did, that even a fragment of a sarcophagus or a rag of damask still lives. They

put such force of consciousness into their actions and works, that the whole Western mind is coloured by them.

Now, certainly, Rome is not my favorite city. If you opened my heart you would not find Rome inscribed upon it as was Calais on the heart of poor "Bloody Mary". You may not love it best, but you have to recognize that the human consciousness that went into Rome was concerned with a different plane of ideas from that which goes into Detroit. Detroit looks it, too. Rome gives one, as few other places, the sense of the oneness of Time,—Time as a crystal globe in which we all live. We do this or that because Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, or because Martin Luther changed his mind about crawling up the Scala Sancta. It gives one a feeling of responsibility towards the past and towards the future, both ever present in our little hour.

If we wish to leave gold in the aura of the world, we have to put into our labour that intense love and energy which the Romans put into vaults and domes and gardens. We must put our effort upon that which is worthy to endure. Then what we build will live, and we shall build something far more beautiful than Rome,—truly, an Eternal City.

SAUVAGE.

The sense of an immemorial and great past, enables us to see the present for what it is.

A nation which has separated itself from its past, lacks perspective, since it has but a background of yesterday, and so thinks of the present as finality,—making the present a cage.—ANON.

The slavery of most lives comes from men asking from the world more than they are really worth.—J. FARRELL.

WAR MEMORIES

XV

Women and Children of Lorraine

DURING the following days, while the Second Battle of the Marne was still raging, with Paris as a kind of dyke reaching massively out into the angry, turbulent waters, against which these were lashing themselves furiously, uninterruptedly, we inside the city walls went on with our work; life continued outwardly just the same. I often passed the machine-gun emplacements which I had noticed when I first arrived—emplacements at intervals chiefly along the Boulevards, as I remember it. They told their own story—a last stand, if it came to that; a fight, if need be, to the death. "They would have to walk over the bodies, not only of soldiers, but of women and children, before they could get in", it had been said, and that was the way you felt whenever you looked at these emplacements. The pounding of the guns was magnificent; it often made you catch your breath, but you thanked God that you were there; and while the already familiar sign, "*Deuil en 24 Hrs.*", which had long since been hung in many of the shop windows, was now to be seen in ever-increasing numbers, this sign was silently accepted as an indication of the price which the women of France were ready and proud to pay. So life went on.

I used to get back to my hotel at night with the booming of the guns in my ears, and often, before going up to my room, I would creep out into the little, high-walled garden at the rear—the convent garden where the quiet nuns had wandered peacefully in the days that were gone; and there I would stand, watching the flame-coloured shafts and streamers of light which climbed into the deep vault of the midnight sky, dimming the glory of the stars. Then I would think of something which had been told me by a friend who had seen the march of the Allied Armies down the Avenue du Bois, celebrating the *Fête Nationale*. She told me that she would never forget that great river of bristling steel which seemed to pour itself out of the dim, cool shade of the Bois; that endless line; those miles of fixed bayonets flashing back the sun, as the allied troops moved on, an unbroken, unbending, inflexible line moving relentlessly forward. She had been so impressed with the splendour of that sight, and in telling me of it she had been so graphic, that she made me feel I had been there myself; had seen it with my own eyes. I used to think about it as I stood in the darkness of the garden, listening to the thunder of battle, near and far; the roar of this last desperate attack; and that allied line of stern, cold steel began to take on a symbolic meaning—it symbolized the protective wall around France, the "Circle Pass Not". So those historic days slipped by; the turning point had actually come, for on the 20th of July the Germans once more withdrew across the Marne; the great and final retreat had definitely set in.

Of course, with the first sign that the enemy was really being pushed back, the inrushing tide of terrified refugees had commenced to slacken, and soon there was no longer the imperative need for our *vestiaire* at the Gare de l'Est. I was asked to get ready to join a small medical unit in Lorraine, and, now that the *Bataille de Paris* was really over, I was delighted at the idea of going there.

The unit in question was to do civilian, clinical work in a certain section of the country around Nancy. There was to be a doctor in charge (a woman of wide experience—a trained child specialist); a qualified nurse, and two aids, of whom I was to be one. We were to have our car and our dispensary outfit; in fact, all the necessary things for this kind of undertaking. Some members of the prospective unit were already on the spot; the others were to join them as quickly as possible. Our work was to be among the women and children of the War-zone; more than this we did not know—at least *I* did not; things would be organized when we got there. But one thing was certain, which we were asked to realize and to keep always in mind,—the deep importance of what we were embarking on: France was, so to speak, burning her candle at both ends; on the one hand, she was pouring her men into the trenches, and losing them by scores of thousands—this was, of course, to be expected; but on the other hand, countless numbers of her children were also dying—dying of malnutrition with its attendant evils. At the very best, these children were having health and vigour dangerously undermined as the result of War-time conditions, with which most of the poor peasant mothers, for all their exertions, had been unable to cope; the three-and-a-half years of struggle against overwhelming odds had drained them of all their resources, and they were in the greatest need of help. With our circulating dispensary, we hoped to be able to carry our work into many outlying districts, from which doctors had long ago been withdrawn for military service, and where medical supplies (even supposing that there was any local knowledge of their use) were by now quite exhausted. From early, personal experience, as well as from what we had all heard, during those first months of the War, I felt that I already knew something of the women of Lorraine; of their indomitable courage, their superb moral daring—what else would one expect them to be, since this was the country from which Jeanne d'Arc came? So, counting myself fortunate, I began my preparations for departure.

Then the actual day for departure arrived, and this time I went to the Gare de l'Est as a traveller with a kit bag, not as a *vestiaire* worker. The station was, of course, crowded with the same incoming and outgoing throngs of soldiers, as well as of civilians, many of whom were, like myself, on their way to some appointed post in the provinces. Trunks were everywhere in mountainous piles, for, during those worst days, when the Germans were at our very gates, people from many of the surrounding towns and villages had come surging into Paris with their valuables, intending, no doubt, to put them in warehouse, or to transport them to the south; but the station officials had been so overwhelmed by this tidal wave of luggage, that all they had been able to do for the moment, was to stack it up, wherever they found an inch of space, thus giving it a tentative Government protection under the station roof, but no more. I had been

advised to get to the Gare de l'Est well in advance of the hour at which the train was scheduled to leave, not only because of procuring a ticket, but also because each of your credentials had to be carefully inspected—your passport, *carnet d'étranger*, *carte d'identité*, *laisser passer*, and all the rest—before you could leave Paris at all. When I saw the crush, I was glad that I had followed this advice, besides which, it was interesting to watch the many different kinds of people who came and went, while I stood in passport line.

"*Les chers Pom-poms!*" I heard a woman just behind me exclaim, with a little choke in her voice, and turning, I caught sight of the yearning look in her face as her eyes followed a small group of French Marines—I fancied she must have her boy fighting somewhere among them. I have always had an affection for the French Marines myself; could I ever forget the day, in 1914, at Melle, when they came dashing out of the narrow side alley and literally hurled themselves into the bloody skirmish, just beyond the village?

"*Les chers Pom-poms!*" I echoed, heartily, if silently.

"*Quoi donc! Crois-tu que nos petits soldats . . .* ?" The fragment of a sentence floated back to me, as an old man went by. From the way he carried himself, I felt sure that he was a veteran of 1870, with every one of his sons (those who were left to him), fighting in the trenches. Beside him walked a young girl who called him "*Gran'-père*", and who clung rather timidly to his arm, as they threaded their way through the crowds. There were tears in her eyes, and I knew that those two had come to say good-bye to someone dear to them both —someone who was off to the front again, the eight days leave being over.

"*Nom d'un chien! Mais je te dis . . .* !"—two wildly gesticulating *poilus*, deep in some amicable dispute, hurried past, completely oblivious of their surroundings because of that all-important point at issue.

Yes, I was glad I had come early.

The inspection of credentials over, and other official matters attended to, I found a seat in the Nancy Express, which, as it turned out, could hardly be called an express at all, for, at least at the beginning of our journey, we had constantly to draw off on some siding to allow the passage of interminable troop trains—those now familiar troop trains, fantastically camouflaged, packed with the ever-laughing *poilus*, many of them sitting precariously at open doors, singing, smoking, waving gaily to us as they claimed their right of way and moved ahead of us. Those long lines of solidly-enclosed, box-cars, each with the well-known marking, "*Hommes 40, Chevaux 8*" in large white letters—how well I already knew them! And how vividly I still remember them, with their sunny, laughter-loving, vivacious freight—freight which was being taken back to the firing line.

Once really free of Paris, and just beyond the outer ring of forts, I think (anyway it was long before we got to Meaux) I remember passing what looked like a huge concentration camp, and on asking, was told that it was the *Camp des Permissionnaires*, where men who were coming out on leave, and all men who were about to return to their regiments, had to report.

Then on through Meaux, skirting Château-Thierry and Epernay (how near

the enemy had been!); Châlons-sur-Marne, Vitry-le Francois and Bar-le-Duc—much the same line over which I had travelled two years earlier. But I had never been east of "Bar" since long before the War, and as we moved onward, I began to recall the pre-War days when, living in Munich, I used so often to pass over this very ground on my way to and from family visits in Paris. I remembered at Commercy the breezy voices of the women who, with great baskets of sweet cakes on their arms, used to run along the platform beside the train as it pulled up, calling in a high-pitched kind of chant: "*Mad-e-leines de Commercy! Mad-e-leines de Commercy!*" And then I would get out of the train for a moment, and stand on the platform myself, and buy a madeleine or two, just for the sake of a chat—a chat especially with a stout, friendly old woman who always seemed to remember that I had been there before.

On again. Along the highroads was the familiar movement of troops; the grey *camions;* the grey "*service militaire*" cars, carrying a general or two; there were the red tiled houses, half hidden under trees, of little villages where life was struggling bravely on, and here and there a special village where quantities of soldiers strolled about, or lay in warm corners, basking in the sun—a village where some regiment was *en repos*. Then came Toul, a link in that long line of frontier fortresses, and then Nancy, my destination—Nancy, one of the loveliest old towns in France.

There was a tradition upon which, I fancy, most of us who are of the older generation were brought up: that when France and Germany next came to grips, Alsace-Lorraine would be the field of the initial fighting. Indeed, history told us that the Franco-Prussian War was hardly over before Germany embarked upon fresh plans for the future, with eyes fixed specially on the country between the Vosges and the uplands of the Meuse, and I believe that as we grew older, it was with an ever-deepening feeling that this was a section of France "set apart", and revered beyond most others. I can remember while still quite a child, repeatedly hearing the "next war" discussed; the precautionary measures which France was taking on her eastern frontier; the long chain of forts which was being improved and strengthened in view of what the years would undoubtedly bring. There was not an inch of ground which was not studied, systematically, methodically studied—and on *both* sides of that border-line. In fact, controversies as to the future and inevitable "Battle of Nancy" particularly, are very old, very hazy, but none the less very actual memories of mine. It is true that some years before the beginning of hostilities in 1914, military experts were predicting that Germany would enter France by way of Belgium, but the uninitiated public, of which I was one, clung steadfastly to the old tradition I think,—though perhaps some foresaw that when it came to the test, both routes were likely to be taken.

As far as I can remember, when the Great War did at last break out, much that was going on during those first weeks in Alsace-Lorraine, remained somewhat veiled in mystery, though the names of de Castelnau, Dubail, Foch, were everywhere heard. Of course, we knew in general about the splendid French drive into the "lost provinces" (what hope it inspired!), but the press was

reticent, as usual. Whether that offensive was a wise one or not is still, I believe, somewhat of an open question, but the "Battle of Nancy", predicted for almost a generation, where the retreating French army turned, and made its unflinching stand, has been called one of the most important of the War. Many a man died on that battle-field whose silent heroism will remain for ever unrecorded, but those lives were not given in vain, for, though facing the most terrific odds, the French would not yield one inch, and this Battle of the Grand-Couronné, retrieving in large measure the defeat of Morhange by re-establishing confidence, is said to have made more possible the victory of the Marne.

The people of Lorraine, like most frontier folk, are hard and determined fighters. It may therefore, perhaps, be partly due to their peculiarly stubborn resistance that they suffered from German bestiality in a way that the country folk of the interior did not have to suffer; and it was in Lorraine that I once more began to hear about atrocities. Nowhere, at *that* time, moreover, were they referred to as "alleged"—the all too customary adjective now-a-days. M. Mirman, the indomitable Préfet of Meurthe-et-Moselle, and a veritable father to all his people, had kept a record of the early days, a kind of diary of the time when the Germans were still pursuing their infamous policy of terrorization, and this book is said to have begun with the simple and direct statement: "*Voici un livre d'horreurs; c'est, hélas! un livre de vérité.*" I never chanced to see that book myself, but I knew several Americans who did see it, and to whom it proved absolutely convincing—but they were, of course, among those who were still sufficiently inexperienced in German methods to *need* convincing. In any case you had only to see M. Mirman himself, to talk with him for a few minutes, in order to know that what he said could be, without hesitation, accepted as true—there could be no doubt whatever of that. Later, I was to learn on my own account some of the details of the German outrages from the women and children of Lorraine themselves.

Nancy, only eleven miles from the frontier, is a *ville ouverte;* it is quite unfortified, and it had no garrison of any sort when hostilities broke out, yet that did not make it immune to bombardments; it was full of wrecked houses and buildings of all kinds, and I soon discovered that I had many new things to learn about air raids alone. I had come to what was spoken of as an "inactive front", but it was quite active enough to suit some of us, and, as evidence of what we might reasonably expect, the local authorities promptly furnished us with "tin hats" (commonly known as "*champignons de fer*"), as well as with gas masks, for our work was likely to take us rather far afield, and it was well to be prepared for all emergencies. For when the Germans, just beyond the lines, were not busy trying to put concealed French batteries out of commission (which was, of course, legitimate warfare), they amused themselves by deliberately pounding and grinding small, defenceless villages within their range, to a yet finer powder than that to which they had already been reduced (and this was most distinctly *not* legitimate); *mais, que voulez-vous!* you were dealing with Germans, so you never knew what emergency you might be called upon to face.

Within a couple of days after my arrival, our unit was organized and we were at work. We were stationed just above a very small village, three or four miles out of Nancy, in a very small house at the very top of a very steep hill. Why this particular site was chosen I never knew, but since it was not far from the shaft of a large and quite an important mine, we were never forgotten when an air raid was on; the Germans were always trying to demolish it. We had a number of outlying villages in our care, and these were scattered over a wide area, at some distance from us and from each other, and, daily making a very early start in our automobile dispensary, we would have morning and afternoon sessions in some building of each village which was on our list (the building appointed beforehand by the village authorities—a room in the schoolhouse or the *Mairie* as the case might be), and here the country people, sometimes from miles around, would come flocking. For news of the work, and what we were trying to do, had spread like wildfire (similar dispensaries were already in working order in other parts of Lorraine, and it was known what valuable results had been accomplished), and at first we were so beset that we were obliged to choose the worst cases only, telling the others that they must wait until our next visit. Pale, anæmic-looking mothers, carrying their pale, sickly and, but too often, tubercular babies in their arms, would walk through the summer heat, and over the glaring, dusty roads, fifteen, eighteen, twenty miles perhaps, a large family of other sickly children dragging at their skirts as they trudged along, and this, just in order to get a bottle of medicine and a bit of kindly advice from our doctor. Many of the children who were brought to us had been for so long the victims of malnutrition, that their poor little bodies were literally covered with the most painful and repellent skin diseases, and then we would all have a busy time dressing these wounds of war (for they *were* War-wounds of a most pitiable kind), after which, the ashen-white little sufferers, bandaged to their pallid eyelids, would be returned to their anxious mothers, with a supply of medicine or ointment, or both, the directions how to use these, and the injunction to return in a week, when we should again be in that village. Many of these children, at any rate the ones closest up to the front, had spent the greater part of their short lives in miserably dark and very damp cellars, seeking that questionable safety during the shelling of their village, which might continue intermittently for days on end; indeed, many of the youngest had been born in these cellars, and during the most frightful bombardments ("cave" children, most of the Americans in the district called them, anglicizing the French word), and they got out into the sunlight only in the uncertain intervals of quiet. These children, narrow-chested, with wizened little faces, and all too often cruelly maimed (an arm or a foot or an eye gone—the result of bursting shells), seemed even to have forgotten how to smile. Taciturn, cautious, they had lost all their childhood gaiety, all the happy irresponsibility of childhood; they seemed already to know and understand everything that life could teach them. Or, worse than all, they were so frightened by the least sound that they would cry out and try to hide—there is hardly anything so heartbreaking as a child whose spirit has been broken. And this was some of the material from which France

would have to draw in shaping her future—unless, indeed, that material could be redeemed.

Of course, the French authorities did everything in their power to persuade all the families of those districts which were most exposed, to move farther back to safety, and a great number did move (arrangements had been made to concentrate many of them in Toul, where they could more easily be fed and cared for—the American Red Cross giving generous assistance in this part of France); but no native-born Lorrainer likes to leave his home, for which he has a blindly passionate love, and from which he is very difficult to uproot. Under the present conditions, moreover, the cultivation of the fields fell almost exclusively to the women, and they were specially reluctant to move, even to secure more safety for their children, because they knew that every well-cultivated field meant more food for the men fighting at the front. So the French authorities could *issue* evacuation orders, but, short of violence, it was not always easy to carry these orders out—and who would wish to use violence with people who had already suffered so much from it?

We got to know many of these women and children very well; to know the conditions under which they lived (for often we had to visit them in their homes —or what was left of their homes—if they were too ill to come to us), and we heard many of their experiences during the first invasion of 1914. Of most of these experiences it would be impossible to write, but to me, at least, it was the old story which I had heard with such tragic repetition, such desolating insistence in Belgium.

The women of Lorraine have a splendid resiliency, a valiant spirit—but what shadows haunted the eyes of some of them! You found yourself taking great care not to evoke those shadows of the past, they were too terrible. "Atrocious, unnameable things have happened to us and to our children", they would tell you sometimes, in low voices, "but shall we, then, lose heart?" There was a kind of sturdy defiance about them—is there anyone who has not heard of Sœur Julie of Gerbéviller?—also a native shrewdness, sure to be bred by a border-land danger, from which no frontier people is ever free. We had many different types to deal with, from the outwardly shy and awkward, who had suffered over-much, and whose confidence you had to win by slow and gentle means, to the more robust and obvious,—those who knew exactly what they wanted, and who intended to get it; those who, you felt, would be more than equal to any situation—even Germans!

I remember one woman of this type—who could ever forget her!—who came with the utmost regularity to our dispensary. Heavy and large and weather-roughened she was, with rather a truculent air, a voice like a dragoon, and a self-assurance which was quite overwhelming. In her matronly wake her nine children, beautifully graded like a long flight of steps, and with coal-black eyes which glinted like little pieces of anthracite, invariably came flocking, and, peasant though she was, she would stride magisterially into our dispensary and take charge of the whole place, ourselves included; not as the result of mere numbers (though this might well have been the case, for she was ten and we were

only four), but by the sheer force of her own rugged and masterful nature. With that long line of silent and rebelliously submissive children (a well trained line which always advanced single-file, and in perfect order), she made me think of a very competent and experienced gaoler, who was taking his nice little convicts out for an airing.

Each one of the names of each one of her nine children began with an H.; no doubt when she embarked on this reckless enterprise she did not anticipate so large a family. Once having started with that (or any other) scheme, however, she was not the woman to turn back. The long list began imposingly: Hippolyte, Hyacinthe, and ran on with the more modest names: Honoré, Hélène, Henri, Henriette. I forget the name of the seventh, but by the time the next to the last was reached, the family imagination seems suddenly to have collapsed, for this unfortunate eighth was merely called Huitième—"Huit" for short—though whether he had actually and indecorously been so baptized I do not know; while as for number nine—as he was no longer than a yard stick, and not much thicker, poor little under-fed mite, I believe they were waiting to see if he ever turned into anything at all before taxing the family ingenuity any further. That woman never appeared without being accompanied by every one of her nine children, no matter what the weather or what the condition of the family health.

"Where is your husband?" I ventured one day, secretly wondering what that husband might be like (he was probably of a retiring disposition, I thought), wondering too, if perhaps she had him safely locked up in a cupboard, at home, where she fed him at intervals through the key-hole—she was the kind that might well intimidate any man!

She made one of those characteristic, whimsical side jerks with her elbow (that queer, upward jerk which expresses so much, yet tells you so little), and she looked me squarely in the face, while I trembled in my shoes:

"He is fighting at the front", she boomed, in those deep chest-tones of hers, "fighting like a Frenchman—and that means like the devil!"—which gave me fully to understand that I had been doing that absent husband an injustice; he had *not* allowed himself to be locked in a cupboard, and she was evidently proud of him. He must have been quite a remarkable man.

As we drove about from village to village, through the beautiful country of Lorraine, drawn on by the ever-widening sphere of our work, we were always reminded by the sharp contrasts of smiling, fertile meadows and wrecked villages, of what that September invasion of 1914 had cost these people. The great battle-line had left its mark on every mile; the fields, thickly dotted with wooden crosses, told the silent story of life upon life laid down, and the people who were left (mostly women), when ploughing time came round again, had reverently made a circle about each cross, so marking the resting place of a fallen comrade —perhaps some boy of their own village whom they had seen grow to manhood. So, year after year, these little crosses had stood, each on its small, lonely island in the surrounding sea of billowing furrows—furrows of the rich, brown Lorraine earth, turned up for the new seed time which had come again, as the year swung

round. And each year since then, this had been repeated, and we now passing, were looking at the ripening harvests of four years later—but the solitary little islands with their simple wooden crosses, were still there in the wheat fields; the sun still rose and set on them, and the rain beat on them now, as in the beginning. We covered a great many miles in our rounds, and the nearer we got to the front line, the more certain we were, of course, to meet distress and ruined homes. Yet these small frontier towns and villages went courageously on with such business as was possible, waiting for the day of deliverance with patience and faith. There is a sedate and sober loveliness peculiar to the villages of Lorraine; a quiet loveliness which casts its own peculiar spell. The simple, low, square houses, with their narrow, arched doorways and unadorned fronts, over which thick grape vines are trained, the rich clusters of fruit ripening in the sun—these villages all had an air of quiet contentment, even those where there were shattered church spires, and many a roof fallen in. The people were merely waiting; biding their time till the enemy should be finally driven out, so that they could start the rebuilding of their homes, sure, as they hoped, that they would not again be destroyed.

On the way to Lunéville, just after you have passed St. Nicolas-du-Port, with its austere, grey-towering church, there is just such a little village, well off the beaten track, which I got to know because of frequent visits. It was caught in the very centre of the fiercest battle fought, in August, 1914, to the south of the Nancy-Lunéville highroad, and many a time have I listened to the account of what the people of the village lived through: how, one day, their village street suddenly swarmed with French soldiers who had seemed to rush in from nowhere, and in the winking of an eye; of how the enemy was seen creeping out of the shadows of the Forêt de Vitrimont which stretched darkly, just beyond some rolling fields; of the desperate *corps-à-corps* fight in the tiny cemetery at the end of the village street, as defenders and invaders met; of the broken, blood-spattered gravestones, and of the many wounded which the women and girls carried into the houses, and then out again as those houses caught fire; of the roar and crash of the church steeple when, squarely hit by a German shell, it fell by the cemetery wall.

It was at the close of the afternoon that we first went there, not to hold a dispensary, but to make arrangements with the mayor for future and regular days. As all such arrangements belonged to the duties of the doctor and the nurse, I was at liberty to wander about by myself, to talk with the village people, to hear their accounts of that unforgettable time, and to see what there was to see. Then it was that an old crone, leaning heavily on her stick, described in really dramatic words that day when the village passed for a time into German hands, and when the little village street was heaped with the dead and dying. As we stood there, the twilight began to fall, and into the cemetery on its gentle slope, near which we were standing, came trooping the evening shadows, making the broken tombstones look ghostly and sad.

"What did *you* do that day?" I asked her.

"Ah, madame", her old voice quavered, while her wrinkled face twitched in

a spasm of pain, "I suppose I did many things that day; but now I can only remember one. My little granddaughter . . . they killed her—afterwards."

Darkness had come, and with it came the sound of voices, singing, and I saw a very faint light streaming out through the doorway of the half-ruined church —it was Vespers (or what was probably taking the place of Vespers, for no real services could be held there yet, the building was too unsafe), and a few of the village women had assembled. I drew nearer as their voices broke into the *Cantique du Sacré Cœur*, long familiar, because it had been sung all over France since the very beginning of the War, and those untrained voices sounded clear and sweet and simple as they rose and fell: "*Sauvez, sauvez la France; ne l'abandonnez pas!*" Then, as I stepped into the dim interior, I noticed, by the flicker and gleam of a candle or two, that at the end farthest away from the fallen spire, where the roof was comparatively safe, a small altar had been set up, and that above it was the figure of some saint (no doubt a relic—something that was found unbroken in the ruins) and behind him, in sharp, radiating lines, I saw with a kind of awe, that there glinted a huge halo of bayonets! Later, I grew accustomed to many such sights in the churches of Lorraine, for theirs had become a truly militant religion.

When at home on our hilltop, we lived quite comfortably, for we had a nice maid to look after us—a War-widow, who, with a little daughter of six, had recently moved to our village at the foot of the hill. They would both come climbing up to us each morning, and would go down again at night, and the woman was an excellent *bonne-à-tout-faire* who cooked our meals when we were there, and kept our small house tidy, the child, meanwhile, playing about, feeling contented and happy—she was a dear little soul, and a great favourite with us. We were, of course, on the friendliest terms with all of our immediate neighbours—those in our village—and we used often to visit them. For, although on week days we were invariably far afield from early morning until well toward evening (later still sometimes), before dark there was often an hour or so in which to exchange visits, and those people soon learnt that our doctor's advice, her tonics and other medicines, were always at their disposal, and our dispensary often continued long after we thought our day's work finished. Mothers would bring their children up the hill, or, when we had become well established in their confidence, the children would come up by themselves if it was still light, and even when there was no dispensary work afoot, we all met around a common local interest—two monster *saucisses* which lived in the sloping meadows a little distance below us. There had been great excitement, especially among the children, when they first arrived with their "keepers", and this interest never waned. Every evening (for they seemed to be night birds only) from where we sat on our doorstep, we could look down and watch them being inflated, and they were always surrounded by an admiring group of young people; then, with loosened moorings, they would soar up to the appointed height in the air, and there they would remain all night; and in the morning they would descend again, be deflated, and lie, disgracefully limp, until night came round once more.

We had a most beautiful view from our hilltop, across a lovely, fertile valley, to wooded hills beyond, and over the dark Forêt de Haye which stretched between us and Nancy. But the air raids were really dreadful—it was that mine shaft which, although we could not actually see it, was so near; the village had already been quite badly damaged, and lives were lost from time to time, and it was remarkable that anything at all remained of our small house, which made a fine target—if anyone up in the air thought it worth while to use it as a target. It was the sort of small, frail two-story house which, if hit, would have gone down like a pack of cards, and if you happened to be in it at the time, you would probably find that most of the "cards" would be on top of you—a prospect which no one relishes. The people who had lived in it, but who had now moved away somewhere into the interior, had realized this unpleasant danger, and had built a shelter of solid masonry, so thick and solid that when you were inside you could but indistinctly hear even the explosions of the bombs outside. This shelter was at one end of the little house, a narrow passage connecting it, so that, with the sudden and violent raids which we had—when there was not a moment to lose—you could run downstairs, slip from the kitchen through this narrow passage and so into the tiny chamber with its masonry walls, and to a very fair amount of safety. The interior of this *abri* held about six people, but it was icy-cold, dark as pitch and, what was worse than anything else, spiders crawled all over you! That happened to me the first (and I may say the last) time I ever went there. Of course, I was the butt of the "family" because, having lived through that one spider episode, they never could persuade me to follow them into that place again; and I remained uninfluenced by their friendly gibes.

On moonlight nights especially, we often had four, five, six—I do not know how many raids. Some would be abortive (stopped by the anti-aircraft guns, many of which were placed at points on the hills which surrounded us), but returning again, a few minutes later, the raiders might succeed in getting through the barrage, and they would then be more determined on destruction than ever. These raids were worse, in one sense, than any I had ever yet experienced, because we were so exposed. The stillness of the night would suddenly be broken by an ear-splitting blast from the sirens in Nancy—the signal to the whole countryside for many miles around that the enemy planes had been sighted, and this meant that they would be well over the border-line in a few seconds. No matter how sound asleep you might be, the wailing of those sirens, even four miles away, made such an uproar that you were generally on your feet before you realized that you were actually awake. So far as I can remember, we, in our little outpost, could count upon two, perhaps three minutes from the time we heard the sirens until the first bombs began to fall, and we would all come hastily downstairs, the others most wisely seeking the masonry shelter, while I stayed in the small living room, under the fancied protection of a flimsy upper story. But imagination can accomplish a great deal, and that floor just above was always a consolation.

There came a night (not the kind for an air raid we thought, for there was no

moon), when our doctor and the nurse had to go into Nancy to make arrangements about some new villages which we were to visit—they were obliged to do this from time to time—so the other aid and I were alone on our hilltop. I chanced to be up rather later than usual that evening, writing letters home, and about midnight came the unexpected but familiar *alerte* from Nancy, and up the two of us jumped, and downstairs we scuttled.

"Do come too", my co-worker called back kindly, as she disappeared through the kitchen on her way to that spider-infested *abri;* but shrapnel had less terrors for me than crawly things, besides which, I hate stuffy holes.

I hardly had time to get myself into my usual corner (as far away from the windows as possible, for in bad raids the glass was often shattered, and bits of it flew about most unpleasantly), before pandemonium began, and that seems to me now the worst raid I have ever been in. Usually these raids lasted about five or six minutes at the longest, but this one went on for ever—perhaps it was a succession of raids, though I never knew. The explosions were so terrific, and at such short intervals; the prolonged shriek of those shells, echoed back from the surrounding hills, and answered in turn by the crashing of the anti-aircraft guns on the summits, was so really appalling, if not unnerving, that I have never forgotten it. I think I counted thirteen or fourteen bombs which fell close to our little house that night, and why the whole frail structure did not collapse I cannot imagine. I do not think there was an uncracked pane of glass in any window, and several times I heard the shrapnel splintering against the front of the house. Although I was well back in the room, I could see out across the valley, and it was a scene of the wildest beauty when the whole landscape, to the limit of the hills, became suddenly and brilliantly illuminated by the *fusées éclaïrantes* which came floating across it over the tops of the trees—a sight to make you wonder if a hidden magic was at work. That night both our *saucisses* were brought down, and the mine shaft was hit, but that was not the worst. There was one, last gigantic explosion, and then silence—silence as sudden and unexpected as the raid itself had been.

The "all clear" signal from Nancy had hardly sounded, and I had scarcely found time to pinch myself in order to see if I were really still alive, before I heard a sound which made my heart stand still. I listened, at first incredulous, but that sound came again—a panic-stricken child, sobbing, crying out in fear, and for a moment I could not tell from what direction it came. It is an agonizing thing to hear the voice of a terrified child out in the darkness of the night, especially if you do not know where it comes from; if you do not know which way to go. A minute seems like a merciless eternity. I went to the door, and stepped out, and stood on the small terrace, listening. The night was wide and still (now that the raid was over), the stars were glorious, and sounds carry far in that clear air. That pitiful sobbing still reached me, even though I realized that it came from a distance. So, guessing that there must be trouble in the village, and that it must be some village child coming up the hill in search of us, I ran down the steep slope hoping to discover what the matter was. I had quite forgotten my poor colleague who was probably waiting

patiently in that cold *abri*, for you could not hear the "all clear" signal through those thick walls, and I stumbled on, guided, now that I was nearer, by that broken, hysterical sobbing. My eyes had grown accustomed to the dark, and presently I caught sight of the lonely little figure, wearily climbing our hill, and I could hear the faltering words:

"*Maman . . . Maman . . . Maman!*"—over and over and over.

Then I came upon her, a desolate, wee thing, alone in the night—our maid's little daughter.

"Where is *Maman?*" I asked, holding her close to my side; but she only gripped my hand convulsively; she could not tell me; I suppose she did not really know; probably she could not understand what had happened.

So together we went down to the foot of the hill, and turned into the village street, where a large crowd of the village people had collected. Two houses had been hit, and in both of them, women and children were buried. One of these houses was that in which our maid lived, and the poor woman had been frightfully injured; they were trying to get her (as well as the others) out of the ruins, as I came up. The child had evidently escaped death by a miracle—so I learned later—because, chancing to run first through a doorway, she was clear of the heavy beams which fell thundering just behind her—the beams which pinned her mother under them, when the house was hit. Then, young as she was, the terrified child's first thought had been to find us, where she had spent all her days; particularly to find our doctor, to whom she was devoted. And before any of the village people had been able to come to the rescue of the poor mother (who died a few hours later), the child had rushed off alone, instinctively, in search of us, no one knowing where she had gone. Until we joined them, many thought she must be somewhere in the wreckage.

The dawn was breaking before they had finished that sad rescue work, and, putting my little charge into the care of a good neighbour, a kind, motherly woman who I knew could be trusted, I turned homeward, avoiding the crude, dusty road down which I had come in the dark, a few hours earlier; taking instead, a winding, uphill path through the fields. It was a narrow little footpath which I loved because it led past a lonely *Calvaire*, backed by thick overhanging trees, where the children of the village always kept fresh flowers. Now, as, slowly, I climbed up toward it, I saw, while still at a distance, that some of the village women were already gathered, in the early morning freshness—after that night of fearful pain and death—and that they were kneeling on the dewy grass around it. And as I reached that silent group, the sun came up over the crest of a wooded hill, burnishing the tops of the forest trees; flooding our valley with light, till the night mists which lay there were turned to gold; touching with a white glory the thorn-crowned head of the Christ, who hung on that rude Cross; irradiating the sorrowful face, bent down in pity toward those women, kneeling there.

VOLUNTEER.

(*To be continued*)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian, when we next met, referred at once to a recent meeting of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, at which Mr. Hargrove had talked about Saint-Germain and the French Revolution, commenting on the interest the talk had aroused. Someone suggested that we could not have a better topic for discussion that evening, especially, he added, "as certain facts were brought out which throw light both on the past and present,—perhaps on the future also." The Student then told us that he had in his pocket the usual stenographic report of what had been said at the Branch meeting, which had been given him that morning, and was promptly asked to read it aloud. He read accordingly, as follows:—

The subject of the Theosophical Movement in the 18th century is too large to be considered in one evening, so I shall limit what I have to say, so far as possible, to the work of Saint-Germain and the French Revolution.

I must assume a certain background in the minds of all of you,—the background of the theosophical philosophy in the first place: that the universe is one; that natural law is a reflection of spiritual law, is an expression, if you choose to put it that way, of the will of God; and that those whom we speak of as Masters are *the* most obedient servants of the will of God and in that sense of spiritual law, of universal law. They work with nature and not against it.

The second proposition is that evolution, having extended infinitely in the past as it will extend infinitely in the future (speaking in terms of time), there are those among mankind who have already reached perfection—those few just men made perfect, who are, as it were, the efflorescence of the human race —and that those just men made perfect, Masters of Wisdom, constitute what is known as the Great Lodge, the Great White Brotherhood.

I must further assume, as part of your mental background, a knowledge of what Madame Blavatsky said in regard to the effort that is made by that Lodge during the last quarter of every century, to arouse mankind to a knowledge of its spiritual heritage. Mr. Judge once defined the Theosophical Movement as a continuous effort to spiritualize the race. Assuming all of that, we can then project ourselves back in our imaginations to the earlier part of the 18th century, when we can imagine that the Lodge considered the problem of how best to forward human progress in the real sense—in the spiritual sense, not in the material sense which is the one thing the modern world considers—during the last quarter of that century. We may assume that those Masters of Wisdom will have taken into account conditions then existing and as these were rapidly developing, just as Masters presumably will have taken into account conditions as they existed prior to 1875; and, as the modern historian overlooks

one of the most important factors that existed in 1870 or thereabouts—the Spiritualistic movement—ignoring it completely, so the large majority of historians ignore completely one of the most important factors that existed in the 18th century. Even the historians are forced to recognize this much: there was a strong movement toward materialism in philosophy. Diderot, d'Alembert and others among the Encyclopedists were working for rationalism, and while they began as deists, it did not take them long to become out-and-out materialists of the Büchner type of the following century. The destruction of spirituality: that was one strong tendency that had to be recognized and counter-acted. The other strong tendency which has not been appreciated in the slightest degree by historians was one of the rankest superstition. And I wish to call your attention to the fact that materialism is merely the opposite pole of superstition. They seem to be very different, but actually, except for the fact that they are opposite poles on the same plane, they are in essence one. The extreme sceptic is the embodiment of superstition. The form that superstition took at that time was not religious. It was in the direction of magic, necromancy, the magical evocation of the dead, etc. It was said of Louis XV that no matter how sinful his life, he never lost his faith in the devil. That was true; and so, while faith in God had become comparatively insignificant, faith in the devil and in the power of the devil, was more active perhaps than at most other times in history. People were intensely interested in what the devil could do, because they wanted to find out how to do it for themselves!

There was another difficulty, particularly in France. That was the demoralized condition of the Church. The Bishops were appointed for the most part (there are always exceptions) because they belonged to one of the noble families and as a reward for some kind of service, for the reason that the bishoprics were enormously rich. As always, there were good and pious men among the *curés*, the lower clergy, but they were bewildered, confused, without leadership, saw nothing but the most dreadful example in their Bishops as a rule, and when the test came and they were made members of the National Assembly, they did not stand the test.

Those were some of the conditions which we will assume the White Lodge took into account when laying its plan of campaign for the Theosophical Movement in the 18th century; and the main work determined upon was among the Masonic Lodges. Masonry was used as a blind, in this sense: Masonry itself was reorganized; one of the agents of the Lodge, Cagliostro, initiated the Egyptian rite, and Saint-Germain himself worked for the Strict Observance; but what was actually done was that they worked among the Freemasons, and then selected from them men who were a possibility in the direction of discipleship. In connection with Freemasonry, as offshoots, there existed all over Europe innumerable semi-occult organizations. Vienna appears to have been the headquarters, though not of all, for in France there were others. For instance: the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, the Canons of the Holy Temple, the Knights of the Holy City, the Clergy of Auvergne, the Knights of Provence, the Fratres Lucis, the Rosicrucians, the African Brothers, the Amis Réunis, the

Martinists. These are only a few out of hundreds. These fraternities existed throughout Europe, in Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and elsewhere.

Contemporaneously with that effort to use Masonry and these occult organizations as a means through which to disseminate the truth and a real understanding of man and of the universe (to turn superstition itself into spirituality), it is perfectly clear that as usual there were other efforts being made, such as, for instance, the work of Wesley in England—totally different. That does not mean, please, that I am suggesting Wesley was a chêla or something of that kind. But here was this great outpouring from the Lodge during the last quarter of the century, and doubtless the Christian Master takes advantage of that, and energizes and reinforces here, there and everywhere. The White Lodge, without any question whatsoever, foresaw the possibility, and may be the probability, of the French Revolution, and Lecky, the English historian, an agnostic, said that it was thanks to the work of John Wesley in England that there was no such social upheaval there, as in France. There is no time this evening to go into the work of Wesley, but he spoke to crowds of thirty thousand men at a time, of all classes, and worked up such an intense interest in religion that, furthermore, their minds were diverted from other subjects. More important, he gave them a most vivid sense of the reality of the spiritual life.

Leaving that, we come to the actual work of the adepts and chêlas and other people who were working in Europe, outside of England. You will remember that in the *Glossary* Madame Blavatsky says (she does *not* say that Mesmer was the Lodge Messenger—people are constantly speaking of him in that way) —that Mesmer was the pioneer; she says Saint-Germain supervised the development of events, says that Cagliostro was commissioned to help, but, having made a series of mistakes, was recalled. She says elsewhere that his ambition, selfishness and so forth, got the better of him.

Mesmer began his work promptly on time, in 1775, with a well known address to the Medical Council of Vienna on the subject of animal magnetism. It is impossible to follow his work now: how he went to France and aroused an enormous interest in animal magnetism, then little by little withdrew all the paraphernalia and the phenomenal side of it and formed an organization to which he gave esoteric teaching. Saint-Germain, who was in charge of the whole movement, appeared in France in 1743, to prepare the way. It will interest you to keep that in mind in view of the present century. He appeared at the Court of Louis XV, and was at once received by the King for reasons which there will perhaps be an opportunity to go into later.

In 1745 he was in London, very much interested in the Jacobite rising. We know that from Horace Walpole, from one of Walpole's innumerable letters to his friends; he speaks of him as a mysterious stranger who had been arrested because of supposed sympathy with the Pretender, but who had immediately been released and invited to dinner by the Secretary of State or somebody of that rank. In 1755 he paid his second visit to India, travelling with General Clive, as he then was. In 1757 he turned up again in Paris and became once more very closely associated with Louis XV and his immediate entourage. In

1760, Louis XV persuaded him to go on a diplomatic mission. France had been at war for years, and the Duc de Choiseul was unable to stop it. Louis XV wanted to stop it, and persuaded Saint-Germain to go to Holland, to try to arrange terms of peace.

Meanwhile, from 1743 onwards, Saint-Germain was travelling all over Europe, from Lodge to Lodge. (Please do not think I speak of the Great Lodge, when I speak of "Lodges".) He was the so-called Unknown Head of practically all of these occult and semi-occult organizations, trying to direct their energies toward true spirituality, to a real understanding of the spirit of Masonry, as we will call it, but carrying it further than that, because he was introducing, through these subsidiary or off-shoot organizations, a real knowledge of Theosophy.

Cagliostro was working to found the Egyptian rite, and succeeded to some extent. Little by little, however, it appears that he was swept off his feet. He had very remarkable powers, was an extraordinary man, but was carried away by those powers, and by the adulation which he received. There was a strong tide running in the direction of radicalism, and it is evident, reading between the lines, that (to use modern phraseology) Cagliostro got "the big head" and slid from under the control of Saint-Germain—because Freemasonry, which was intended to be and which ought to have been the rock upon which the future regeneration of mankind could be built, became the instrument of the Revolution, the exact opposite of what was intended.

In 1762, Saint-Germain was in Russia, and helped to put Catherine II on the throne in place of that deplorable specimen, her husband. Louis XV died in 1774, and Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette came to the throne. She was a girl of nineteen, he a boy of twenty. Saint-Germain had not been in Paris for some ten years. I am going to refer to the *Souvenirs sur Marie-Antoinette* of the Comtesse d'Adhémar. A later Comtesse d'Adhémar was a member of the Theosophical Society in the 1880s, knew Madame Blavatsky, and was devoted to her. Madame Blavatsky and her aunt stayed with her in her chateau in France. The *Souvenirs* of the earlier Countess is one of the most interesting books I know on the subject of the French Revolution. She knew Saint-Germain well, and he evidently liked her. She had seen a good deal of him until the death of Madame de Pompadour, when he left for Germany, Denmark and Russia. He turned up again in 1774, very shortly after the death of Louis XV, and the Comtesse d'Adhémar received him with amazement. He said he had come to warn her that this new reign would be *funeste*, disastrous; that it was not too late, however, and that he wished to save the monarchy. He told her that the Duc de Chartres as he then was—the Duc d'Orléans, Égalité—would be used as a catspaw by the Encyclopedists for the overthrow of the monarchy, the Church and all civilized institutions. He said: I want you to arrange an interview with Marie-Antoinette, for I must warn her; then I shall ask her to arrange an interview with the King, but on condition that I see him alone and not with that fool, Maurepas (who was adviser to the King, a worthless person and an enemy of Saint-Germain).

The Comtesse d'Adhémar was frightened. She was a lady-in-waiting to the

Queen. She went to her at once; reminded her that the Comte de Saint-Germain had been intimate with Louis XV, and asked her to receive him. She did, and he said to her: The Queen in her wisdom will weigh what I am about to confide to her. The Encyclopedist party desire power. They will obtain it only by the absolute downfall of the clergy, and to insure this result, will overthrow the monarchy. They have chosen d'Orléans—the crown of France will be offered him, but the scaffold will be his lot instead of the throne. Saint-Germain then foretold some of the horrors of the Revolution. The Queen was only nineteen. She was not accustomed to be talked to in that way, and was much upset. She said: Will there be nothing but royalty left? He looked at her very seriously and replied, Not even royalty! She was so upset that the Comtesse broke in: You must not talk to the Queen like that, she is not accustomed to such language. He apologized, but declared it was his duty to tell the truth so far as he dared,—that he was sparing the Queen all he could; if she would arrange an interview between himself and the King, he would go into further details. The Queen promised to speak to the King about it; but the King said he could not see Saint-Germain without Maurepas.

As soon as the earlier interview was over, Saint-Germain said to the Comtesse: The Queen will speak to the King; the King will tell Maurepas all about it; Maurepas will have me put in the Bastille. I have no desire to go there, it is a waste of time; I am going to disappear. She protested, Suppose they do want to see you? He replied, I will come back if wanted. The Comtesse returned to her apartment: in about two hours Maurepas came there and said, I hear my old friend, Saint-Germain, has been talking to you—have you his address? The Comtesse replied, No, he did not give it to me. Maurepas said, Of course not, but the police are very much alive—don't be alarmed, he will only go to the Bastille, where he will be warm and comfortable. While they were talking, the door opened and in stepped Saint-Germain himself. He turned instantly on Maurepas and said: You are the man who will cause the downfall of France! You have stood between me and the King, and the blood of this nation will be on your head. Then, without a word more, he turned and closed the door. Maurepas stood speechless and immovable for ten minutes, then came to himself, dashed out of the door and had all the servants and lackeys in Versailles hunting for Saint-Germain, but they could not find him. That was the first effort to save the monarchy.

In 1788, when the clouds were gathering darkly, Marie-Antoinette sent for the Comtesse and told her that she had received a warning in verse, which she felt sure had come from Saint-Germain, because it foretold the same things and said they would come very soon. It began with: "The time is fast approaching when imprudent France, surrounded by misfortunes she might have spared herself, will call to mind such hell as Dante painted." It closed with the statement that the situation would be saved when, "born from a black tomb, there grows a young lily, more happy and more fair."

The Queen, by this time, was greatly alarmed by the situation in France. (Some people insist that she controlled her husband. Nothing is more

false.) She expressed half regret that she had not listened to Saint-Germain at first.

The next effort, an effort of the Lodge to save the French monarchy and prevent the French Revolution in spite of Cagliostro, who meanwhile had "gone bad" and had worked with the Duc d'Orléans and with Cardinal de Rohan (scoundrels if ever there were any)—was made on July 14th, 1789, when the Queen was saying farewell to the Duchesse de Polignac, who had to flee the country with the Comte d'Artois and others. Marie-Antoinette and the Duchesse de Polignac were almost blind with weeping. A letter came; Marie-Antoinette handed it to the Comtesse d'Adhémar. It read: "I have been a Cassandra; my warnings have reached you in vain, and now the time is upon you which I predicted. The time is past for wavering. Now to meet the tempest with energy." This is one of the most tragic events in history. Here was an adept in the Great Lodge, who was practically offering his services. If he had been permitted to take hold of the situation, there would have been no French Revolution. In that same letter, he told her of the storming of the Bastille that very day—of which she had not then heard. She wrung her hands and said it was too late. It *was*, unless she had been able to galvanize that well-meaning husband of hers into action. She tried to, unsuccessfully. He would have had to put the situation into the hands of a man such as Saint-Germain was,—absolutely fearless.

Once more: there had been three warnings; this was not a warning, but in the nature of a farewell: it was October 5th, 1789,—the day on which, or the day before, the mob came from Paris, fish-wives and the rest, and stormed the palace at Versailles. I *must* refer to that miserable apology for a man who is so much respected in America, Lafayette—as vain a creature as ever lived, and as useless. It was he who, shortly afterwards, assured the royal family that if they would leave it to him, all would be well; then he melted like a flake of snow!

Saint-Germain wrote, October 5th, 1789: "All is lost, *madame la comtesse:* this is the last sun that will set on the monarchy. To-morrow it will not exist, but another chaos, an anarchy without equal. You know all that I have attempted so as to give affairs a different direction, and that I was ignored,—and now it is too late. But I wished to see the work which the demon, Cagliostro, prepared: it is fiendish. Keep in retirement; I will watch over you; be prudent, and you will outlive the tempest."[1] He offered to meet her the next morning, before dawn, in one of the churches. She met him there, with her man-servant. He said: It is too late, too late, the Queen is doomed. She said: Save the situation, even at this last moment. He said: It is too late. Then he used a phrase: "There are times when you can do something, but when *he* decides that the hour for action has passed, it has passed." Then the Comtesse d'Adhémar, who was devoted to the Queen, turned on him: I wish I had never

[1] "Tout est perdu, madame la comtesse, ce soleil est le dernier qui se couchera sur la monarchie, demain elle n'existera plus, il y aura un autre chaos, une anarchie sans égale. Vous savez tout ce que j'ai tenté pour imprimer aux affaires une marche différente, on m'a dédaigné, aujourd'hui il est trop tard. J'ai voulu voir l'ouvrage qu'a préparé *le démon* Cagliostro, il est infernal; tenez-vous à l'écart . . . " (*Souvenirs sur Marie-Antoinette*, vol. IV, p. 254).

seen you! He smiled and said: I do not blame you—that comes of my having told you the truth!

That man was supposed to have died in 1784. The Comtesse had this conversation with him in 1789. Then came the French Revolution. The Movement in that century was a failure, because of the failure of an individual, a very important individual, taking part in it. No one is perfect. Anybody can fail. The Lodge chooses the best people it sees, but its hands are tied by their Karma, and by the Karma of nations. That tragedy, that hideous, unspeakable tragedy, was the result in large measure of one man's failure—ambition, selfishness, getting the better of him.

The following questions were then asked and answered.

Question: Reference was made to certain causes which gave Saint-Germain access to Louis XV. I wonder if that is too long to go into? *Answer:* It involves the question of his birth. He was asked by all kinds of people where he was born. The most extravagant statements have been attributed to Saint-Germain. There are three explanations of that. There was a man known in Paris as "Milord Gower." He was rich and young and had a physical resemblance to Saint-Germain. He was a great mimic, and went around imitating Saint-Germain and pretending he was Saint-Germain. Many things attributed to Saint-Germain were actually said by the other man. Also, it is evident that Saint-Germain had a keen sense of humour and a great sense of personal dignity, and if some stranger whom he hardly knew asked him: Where were you born?—just as likely as not, Saint-Germain would look at him and say dryly: In Chaldea. That was not lying. He may have been born in Chaldea sometime or other—probably was. He told the facts to his friend, the man in whose home he is supposed to have died—disappeared—the Landgrave Prince Karl von Hesse-Cassel. That name sounds German, but he was a Dane, a man of great prominence, Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Army, a relative of the Danish King. He was also a mystic, not only a Freemason, but one of the heads of the Amis Réunis. Saint-Germain told him all about his birth, without any reservation, and in the *Mémoires* that man left, he records that Saint-Germain was the son of a Prince Rákóczy of Transylvania. Saint-Germain's grandfather was an independent prince in Transylvania. The Emperor of Austria conquered his country, and that Prince Rákóczy's son rose against the Emperor and in turn was subdued. He had three sons; the third was Saint-Germain, who, after the death of his mother, while still a boy, was sent to the last of the Medici, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to be educated, and the Medici family, for several generations, were deeply interested in occultism. The Rákóczy family had been immensely wealthy, and much of their wealth had been confided to the French King. The will of the elder Rákóczy is on record; and when Saint-Germain arrived in Paris and introduced himself, he was instantly known as the representative of that great Hungarian family. This accounts for his intimacy with so many of the crowned heads in Europe. Count Orloff of Russia welcomed him in Leghorn in 1767 as his dear friend and his "father", in the

presence of a crowd of well-known people. Wherever he went, he was received by the aristocracy of the country he visited. He was well known in Holland. The Bentincks, whose palace the former German Emperor now occupies, were warm friends of his. He was known all over Europe.

Question: In regard to Mesmer, is the disappearance of the magnetic teaching which Mesmer was promulgating, due to the failure of the Movement? *Answer:* As a matter of fact, it did not disappear. It was carried on by Dr. Esdaile and many others. It was experimented with in more modern times, and became materialized as hypnotism,—which actually is entirely different, is harmful and evil, while mesmerism need not be. Mesmer's point was that every man is a source of magnetism. It was an indication of occult powers latent in man, leading him to recognition of more spiritual powers.

Question: May I ask Mr. Hargrove just how he places the figure of Voltaire in the 18th century? Voltaire seems to have had a prodigious influence, and I am wondering whether it was wholly evil, or whether he was a scavenger. *Answer:* I think it would be very injudicious and unphilosophical to suppose anybody's rôle is wholly evil. You have to be a most extraordinary person to be wholly evil, just as to be wholly good. When it comes to influence, I think the only way to understand the 18th century or any other century, is to see that when both poles are very active—when the White Lodge is very active and the Black Lodge is also very active—then individuals come under the influence of both, according to their temperament and nature. Some man may have his better moments, but his average is likely to be much below them. I should regard Voltaire as destructive and insincere, and no insincere man can do good in the long run. He pretended to jeer at the aristocracy, while in fact there was no man who envied it more. Nothing pleased him better than to sit and chatter with a Duke. He would write a skit on snobbery, but was one of the greatest snobs that ever lived.

Question: I was interested in what was said of materialism and superstition being opposite poles: and thinking of the analogy suggested in the *Glossary* regarding the next Terreur, I wondered about the present time, which has been described as an age of extreme materialism and prides itself on not being superstitious—would you please point out the other end of the stick? *Answer* (by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell): It seems to me there is one place, where we are exceedingly superstitious: in the Middle Ages they were superstitious about the effect of djins and dragons and spooks. Now we attribute the same result to germs. I think it is more dignified to be afraid of a dragon than of a germ. Why is the germ able to take hold? I think our superstitions at present run much more in the direction of swallowing the explanations furnished us by science.

Mr. Hargrove: That, I think, is absolutely true, and I should say the modern doctor, in the eye of the modern man, occupies exactly the same position as the witch doctor of Africa. One man uses incantations, and the other uses prescriptions. That does not mean that the modern doctor does not know anything! I am talking about the attitude of the world toward him,—people going

every year to have themselves examined and taken to bits, to see what is the matter with them!

Question: An outsider would appreciate some statement about the meaning of Brotherhood. Probably because of my meagre knowledge of the history of the Theosophical Movement, the apparent rancor created by several notorious schisms, in a movement devoted to the spread of Brotherhood, confuses me. *Answer:* I do not blame the questioner. He cannot understand the passionate devotion of older members to the work and ideal of the Theosophical Movement past, present and to come. I have read you what Saint-Germain had to say about Cagliostro, who had been a younger brother-in-arms, working for the same Cause. Yet Saint-Germain came to call him "the demon", because Cagliostro had deserted the Cause and was, in effect, fighting on the side of the enemy. It was not because Saint-Germain himself had been fighting to prevent the French Revolution. It was because Saint-Germain's own "Father in Heaven" had been working for that, and because love for that older and greater Master forced him to think with loathing of the man who ought to have done the same, who ought to have helped in the same Cause and then, for some contemptible reason of self, in order to inflate his own sense of self-importance, turned aside and lent himself to the evil purposes of men like the Duc d'Orléans and Cardinal de Rohan. If you can for one moment put yourselves sympathetically in the place of Saint-Germain at that point, and feel what he must have felt when he saw this horror approaching, and knew that he might have prevented it if only Cagliostro had remained true,—then perhaps you will understand this: some of you have heard of Allan Octavian Hume. In the very early days of the Movement in the 19th century, he was in India, working with Sinnett, and he received a number of the letters published in *The Occult World*. At one time he had been Secretary to the Government of India, a very prominent place—next to the Viceroy, perhaps the place of most importance—a man, therefore, of great influence; he became interested in Theosophy, or said he was interested; interested in discipleship, or said he was interested,—up to a certain point. But you can see, as you follow the correspondence, his egotism growing from day to day, his sense of self-importance growing, until he repudiated the Masters who were trying to help him, and picked up with some Indian fakir. In 1883, a letter attributed to one of the Masters said he was, at that time, entirely under the control of the Brothers of the Shadow. What happened next? In 1885, Hume founded the Indian National Congress. It is the Indian National Congress that has been responsible morally for all the political murders committed in India during the last fifteen or twenty years.

What happened next? Mrs. Annie Besant, in 1913, threw herself on the side of revolution in India. She called it Home Rule, but just as we know what became of Home Rule in Ireland, so we know what became of it in India: murder and rebellion. In 1917, she was interned, and then was released and elected President of the Indian National Congress; and because of her connection with the Theosophical Movement—because there *had* been a connection—and because H.P.B. had tried to help that woman and had done her very best for her,—

in the nature of things, Annie Besant, who carried with her some of the force she had received from H.P.B., galvanized the Indian Congress into an immense activity, and is responsible perhaps more than any other human being for the chaos and anarchy that exist in India to-day. If Saint-Germain felt deeply against Cagliostro (not a personal feeling—not a bit of it—it was something infinitely bigger than that), must we not feel deeply to-day when we know that that which was intended to be constructive, that which was meant and made by H.P.B. to be a spiritualizing movement—the revival in India of the belief of the Indians in their own philosophy and great spiritual past—has been dragged down into the mud, into a political movement of anarchy and rebellion, all interest in spirituality gone; all the work of H.P.B. not only undone but perverted,—because their minds are absorbed in external things, are incapable of thinking of anything to-day except the glamour, the sheer illusion of so-called Home Rule—while anyone who knows the first thing about it is aware that if they had Home Rule, at best it would mean, among the Hindus, the political dominance of the Brahmins, and, as between Hindus and Mohammedans, mutual extermination,—a China worse confounded. The Cause of Masters in India has been betrayed.

Question: It does not seem worthy of the Great Lodge to have doomed thousands and thousands of innocent people in the latter part of the 18th century, because of the failure of character of a man who had been chosen as an instrument for good, namely Cagliostro. *Answer:* There is a very serious misunderstanding there. I do not know if I can remove it. Suppose you became a member of the Theosophical Society and were a gifted person, became a great speaker or something of that kind, and in the course of time your heart grew corrupt and you began to look for personal power and not for the good of the Work; and somebody said: Nice kind of Masters they must have, if they allow that to go on. What do you expect the Masters would do? Grab you by the throat and strangle you? Masters do not do that kind of thing. This question is based on the assumption that there is no such thing as free will. H.P.B. *might* have failed. Anybody can fail. How is the universe run? by automata? It is *not* run by automata! When the Masters chose Saint-Germain as mainly responsible for the Movement in the 18th century, he was one of themselves, and they knew what they were doing. He had many people under him, and some of them made good and some did not. I believe that the most important person under him was Cagliostro. It is not the first time in history that a man's right hand has failed him. Who was responsible for the hideous mess that Mrs. Besant made of Theosophy and of a section of the old Society? Are you going to say, Why did not H.P.B. foresee it—why did she not stop it—or perhaps go behind her and blame the Masters for it? I cannot enter into that point of view. It is so strange to me,—the point of view that because somebody fails, therefore they ought to have been prevented from failing. You might as well say Christ ought to have prevented Judas from betraying him.

Question: Did the Lodge foresee the failure of Cagliostro in providing the incarnation of Napoleon? *Answer:* Some people hold the theory that Napoleon's

mission was to pick up the pieces and to try to get some order in Europe after the hideous mess that had been left by the French Revolution.

Question: Why could not the White Lodge have withdrawn Cagliostro before he caused the failure of the Lodge effort of the 18th century. *Answer:* Do not misunderstand me: I am not comparing Mrs. Besant with Cagliostro. Cagliostro was a very much bigger person than she ever was. H.P.B. says in the *Glossary* that he was "recalled". What does that mean? He is supposed to have died in captivity in Rome. It may be that his real self was "called home", and that only a simulacrum was left. Suppose I were saying something at this moment that met with the disapproval of the Masters. Do you think I ought suddenly to be lifted out of the room through the ceiling, so that I might not again offend your ears with pollutions of the truth? I am responsible for what I say. I have free will. You are responsible for discriminating between the true and the untrue. The Freemasons of Europe were not obliged to follow Cagliostro. Freemasons preferred the untruth. His failure was brought about by the failure of Europe as well as by his own. If somebody in this Branch were to begin to interpret Theosophy in terms of black magic, what would you do about it: accept it all? or use your discrimination and say: That is not true, that is not Theosophy, not what H.P.B. and Judge and the rest have taught. The Lodge has to deal with human nature as it is, not as it ought to be. Therefore the Lodge is invariably conditioned by the Karma of the nation, and of the people, for which or on whose behalf, the Lodge is working. Saint-Germain, for instance, did not have a free hand. You will find in every interview between him and Marie-Antoinette—even between him and Comtesse d'Adhémar—an opportunity for them to think of him as a charlatan. He could not appear without some mask to conceal his own actual greatness. It is only an Avatar who can do that. People say, Why did the Masters choose as Messenger a live volcano like Madame Blavatsky? The Karma of the world compelled it. It is so easy to sit on the side lines and know nothing, and criticize, and say: Why did not the Lodge send a great and resplendent being who would have captivated everybody? For one thing, the mob would have torn him to pieces. That has always happened. The one thing the world cannot tolerate is someone obviously superior to itself. So they had to send somebody whom the world might look down upon if it wanted to. Free hand? I do not know what they would do if they had a free hand—perhaps put an end to it, and to us.

Question: The Queen was deaf to the warning—what is the counterpart in modern deafness? *Answer:* The same thing—there is no change.

Question: I have heard it said that Mr. Judge was Saint-Germain—may it not be possible that Cagliostro was the Mrs. Besant of that day? *Answer:* Guessing about past incarnations is entertaining, but there is no time for it this evening.

Question: Referring to the *Glossary*, why the "greatest *oriental* adept"? *Answer:* Saint-Germain was a member of the Great Lodge, an oriental adept. You will find Éliphas Lévi spoken of as an "adept" and "an occultist"—that only means he was an adept in a certain kind of Jewish occultism. Anybody can

be an "adept" in painting, for instance. H.P.B. speaks of Saint-Germain as an oriental adept so as to distinguish him from adepts of other kinds. From time to time there were experts in certain types of occultism which had no direct connection with the Great Lodge. Also there is Western Occultism.

Question: Is the "Terreur" which H.P.B. speaks of, the Great War? *Answer:* No. It means *Terreur*, not the Great War.

Question: Is there a life of Saint-Germain in English which can be recommended? *Answer:* Unfortunately not. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley wrote about him, but her book is curiously misleading in places. For instance, she was unable at first to obtain a copy of the *Souvenirs* of the Comtesse d'Adhémar, but she found that Madame Fadéef, H.P.B.'s aunt, possessed a copy, so she got someone to make extracts and send them to her. She quotes the important letter from Saint-Germain to the Comtesse d'Adhémar in which Saint-Germain speaks of Cagliostro as "the demon", but she leaves out any reference whatsoever to Cagliostro: it means that the book is almost valueless.

Question: Did Napoleon play a constructive part in reorganizing the French nation? *Answer:* Up to a certain point, yes.

Question: What is the correspondence between the Movement in France and the present? *Answer:* The aim is invariably the same: to remind mankind of its divine origin and birthright; to remind men that they are not simply bodies with appetites and with comforts or discomforts, but that potentially they are immortal souls, and that the outside is merely a reflection—too often a perversion —of the beauty that exists potentially within.

Question: Did the Masons in France consciously choose between Saint-Germain and Cagliostro? *Answer:* Of course they did, up to a certain point. "Consciously" means much, but they had their choice. What happened? The Mother Lodge in Paris (I cannot remember its original and splendid name), but in 1789 they changed its name to the Loge du Contrat Social. It was part of the curse that swept over France. Rousseau! At the last meeting, Mr. LaDow was speaking of Lao-tze, and I suggested that he was intuitional and that Confucius was traditional. Rousseau was the last conceivable perversion of the spirit of Lao-tze, with his "back to nature" cult. He is the equal of the modern self-expression school. Rousseau was popular because he glorified inclination, and urged people to follow the romantic tendencies of their beautiful human nature.

Question: What did Saint-Germain mean by "when, born from a black tomb, there grows a young lily, more happy and more fair"? *Answer: He* did not explain it—I believe there is a great deal in it.

"A fascinating subject", the Historian remarked; "but even so I do not understand why it aroused so much more discussion and comment than usual."

"Doubtless because it dealt with concrete facts and incidents", said the Philosopher. "We do not always realize the extent to which people long for exhibitions, as it were, of occult procedure, which bring home to them some-

thing of the reality of the unseen world. The French Revolution is not far away, in terms of feeling. Most people have read about it. In the consciousness of many of our members, the Lodge seems very remote,—and granting that this is unfortunate and ought not to be, the fact is that they welcome everything that brings the Lodge nearer, and that gives them a sense of its objectivity. Who can wonder at that! It is all very well to say that we ought to find at least as much, if not greater interest, in the more mystical aspects of Theosophy, such as are often discussed at our meetings. Perhaps some of us do; perhaps the inner life of some is sufficiently full and rich to off-set the pressure of physical existence. All the same I sympathize with those whose faith is dim, and who still are dependent upon one type or another of external prop,—though, in the nature of things, the sooner such dependence is outgrown, the better it will be for all concerned."

"Cagliostro visited England, did he not?" the Student now asked.

"More than once", the Historian answered. "He was a great friend of Lord George Gordon, who was responsible for the 'Gordon Riots' of 1780, and who later was imprisoned for libels on Marie-Antoinette and on the British Government,—another indication, if you choose, of Cagliostro's 'subversive' influence, in any case of the character of his friends, once he had allowed ambition to mislead him. Mrs. Webster, in her *Secret Societies* and *French Revolution*, almost inevitably missed the inner and real explanation of what took place, although Madame Blavatsky supplies all the clues in her *Glossary*. In the same way, in a recent book by Veronica and Paul King, entitled *Looking Inwards*, published by Heath Cranton, London, which deals admirably with many present-day tendencies and performances, the authors confuse some existing perversions of the Theosophical Society, with the declared aims and known methods of its founders, H.P.B. and Judge, as maintained to-day in the QUARTERLY and by the original Society of which the QUARTERLY is the official organ. Mr. and Mrs. King claim that, even apart from its manifestly subversive influence in India (although I doubt if it has any influence, one way or the other, in present circumstances, the Brahmins, in the end, having dealt with Mrs. Besant more or less as the French Revolutionaries dealt with Philippe-Égalité),—the Adyar Society sponsors political doctrine that is revolutionary,—'first in the idea not to make the best of our present conditions, but to sweep them away; and again in teaching that "Organized Society", as they call it, is to blame for every ill that afflicts humanity, with the extraordinary implication that the best elements are responsible for the sins and crimes of the worst, and that the latter are the only citizens to have rights without duties!' (p. 132).

"Still quoting from *Looking Inwards:* 'There is no necessity for poverty, overwork, or other evils [how about human nature? how about Adyar itself?], according to this teaching. Human brains can invent a social system in which every citizen could have "enough of everything" '.

"To the authors, 'much of this seems to be drawn from Rousseau, and is the sort of stuff that usually antecedes revolution'; but to my mind it sounds more like a cross between Mrs. Besant's Socialism and one of Leadbeater's night-

mares. The facts are that Adyar boasted of having either two or three (I forget which) representatives in the late Labour Ministry in England—Lansbury was one of them; and that that Ministry very nearly succeeded in destroying the British Empire, and completely succeeded in ruining England's international credit. The Gordon Riots were child's-play in comparison. *Perversions* of spiritual influence, of Lodge initiative, inevitably are directed and controlled by 'the Brothers of the Shadow'—as Hume was, and as Adyar is. When Mrs. Besant, in 1893, rejected H.P.B. and adopted Chakravarti as her 'guru', it was the beginning of the end."[2]

"The White Lodge," said the Ancient, "is never revolutionary; it fosters growth, not explosions. There are great natural upheavals, and these it uses for spiritual ends; it does not precipitate them. Dissatisfaction with existing conditions, with the emphasis on conditions, is always the fruit of lower nature: and the Black Lodge is the headquarters of human lower nature. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you', is the rule and doctrine of Masters of Wisdom, and for ever will be. This is the principle that governed H.P.B.'s work in India, and Judge's in America, and, incidentally, Saint-Germain's in Europe. That Indian school-girls should have taken to the murder of English officials as a sort of fanatical rite, is the direct result of a hideous failure and betrayal,—of a complete reversal of everything for which Theosophy and its Society stand. All the more reason why *we* should declare the truth, should preserve the ancient land-marks, and should not hesitate to condemn, as Saint-Germain condemned, those who have wickedly removed them."

"If Saint-Germain", the Student now asked, "turned up as early as 1743, presumably to prepare for the work to be initiated officially and formally in 1775, why should not the same kind of thing happen in 1943?"

"Why not earlier?" countered the Historian. "We have been told repeatedly that the cycles, in a sense, have been telescoped, because of the fact that the Link *has* been kept unbroken, and that for the first time in history the Movement of one century has been carried over well into the next. The Master K.H. (though not then a Master) is said to have spent some time in Europe long before 1875; and it was in 1853 that the earlier part of *The Dream of Ravan* was published in *The Dublin University Magazine*,—the work, unquestionably, of an Initiate. We must distinguish in any case between a public appearance as Lodge Messenger or Pioneer, and a veiled appearance for private inspection and preparation. No Adept, H.P.B. said, would come or send before 1975; but that clearly did not apply in the sense in which Saint-Germain 'came' in 1743 and thereafter."

"I wonder what would have happened if Cagliostro had not failed!" exclaimed the Philosopher, with something resembling a groan.

"One may well wonder", the Ancient sympathized. "Even then, the human tide might have been too strong for them; the craze for 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', in the *perverted* sense, might have swept everything before it; the

[2] See the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1931, pp. 315, 316.

Revolution might have come: but if so, I believe with fewer horrors, and I am convinced that, if Cagliostro had 'held', Saint-Germain would have been able to save a nucleus, perhaps of substantial proportions, just as a nucleus was saved in this century,—and then, what a change in the world's history there would have been! His nucleus would have been made up of members of some of the various occult organizations in Europe of which he was the so-called Unknown Head, and which formed the inner body of Freemasonry. This nucleus might have been functioning and at the disposal of H.P.B. in 1875, so that she, instead of having to begin everything *de novo*, would have found a living weapon, ready forged, willing and anxious to spring to her service,—just what we hope for when the next Lodge Messenger comes. None of us can begin to imagine what that would have enabled her to accomplish,—assuming that, in those circumstances, the Messenger of the nineteenth century would have been the same person, or *mask*. Of course, if Cagliostro had hurled himself onto the side of Saint-Germain, and, with him, had withstood the tremendous revolutionary current which Freemasonry finally embodied and led; if he had done that instead of lending himself to it (if he did not do more)—then it is entirely conceivable that there would have been no French Revolution, no Napoleonic interlude, no Franco-Prussian War, and no Great War of 1914-1918, the earliest (not the direct) cause of which can so easily be traced back to the events of the period we are discussing. It is possible, in that case, that France would have become by now the spiritual torchbearer of the world, a centre of chêlaship and a special instrument of the Lodge.

"Very few, even among our members, realize the power of initiative and the steering power which the spiritual nucleus possesses,—almost infinite in comparison with those of the mass. Thus, if it had not been for the seed which Judge succeeded in sowing before his death—the most external manifestation of which, at the present time, is the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY—the Russian *terreur* of 1917 would have spread over most of Europe, and perhaps even to this country. (One can shout things from the house-tops quite safely when one is sure that no one will hear except those who ought to hear. The greater mysteries can be announced aloud, and the world at worst will laugh. It is the lesser, the intermediate mysteries, that must be guarded.) On the other hand, just as Cagliostro's failure, among other evil effects, perverted, or helped to pervert, Continental Masonry, so the perversions of Theosophy disseminated from Adyar and elsewhere since 1891 will do lasting injury to the Cause of the Great Lodge,—an injury which will have to be neutralized, somehow, before the next Lodge Messenger will really be able to get to work."

"Neutralized, how?" someone asked.

"When a considerable body of people propagates untruths, one way of neutralizing the effect is to meet it with the Truth, as we are trying to do; and that the time has come to do this bluntly, may be inferred from recent issues of the QUARTERLY. But Nature herself hates perversions, and tends to disrupt them from within, the result being innumerable untruths of different kinds, each contradicting the other and thus neutralizing each other. Krishnamurti, without

realizing it, is doing very useful work. Himself the victim of reaction (he was nearly 'guru-ed' to suffocation), his violent repudiation of all 'gurus', little or big, real or unreal, will be followed later by schisms even more disruptive, until the 'bits' have destroyed each other."

"I wish you would explain your use of the term, 'Continental Masonry'," said another.

"I suppose everyone must understand this much of Masonry: that although a secret organization, it is in no sense an occult school. It has preserved an ancient and deeply significant symbolism, the esoteric meaning of which it has almost entirely lost, without losing, however, certain Theosophical traditions of great value.

"In the English-speaking world, Masonry, although primarily Humanitarian in its interpretation, fully recognizes the existence of God as the Great Architect of the Universe. Continental Masonry, so-called—that is to say, the Masonry of France, Italy and Spain—does not recognize the existence of God, and is still permeated with the later ideas of the Encyclopedists, flavoured with a dash of Rousseau. British and American Masonry, so far as I am aware, is conservative in tendency, although, in America, I have heard, here and there, occasional references to 'The United States of Europe'—a survival of the Red International of eighteenth century European propaganda *and organization*. English-speaking Masonry, however, is *not* political in aim or method. The influence of Continental Masonry, on the other hand, is said to be anti-monarchical, politically radical, and may well be described as subversive in the sense in which Mrs. Webster uses that term.

"There are Masons who are not satisfied with the merely ethical interpretation of their symbolism, and who seek in the Ancient Mysteries for more light. Necessarily depending upon the nature and motive of the individual seeker, some find light that is genuinely mystical and spiritual, while others are led to associate themselves with organizations which have no actual connection with Masonry, but which specialize in a study and exposition of the Kabalah: and unfortunately the Kabalah lends itself as readily to Black Magic as to White. Membership in some of these semi-occult organizations has been limited to those who were already Masons. Many such organizations existed in the eighteenth century, when a study of 'magic' was widely fashionable, and it was these, or some among them, that Saint-Germain tried to steer toward the Great Lodge and its doctrine. He did not succeed, as we have seen. He put an end to some, but others survive. More than one of them was active in the north of England some forty years ago, and I doubt if their activities have ceased."

"I was going to ask you," said the Student, "what became of the various organizations of which Saint-Germain was the 'Unknown Head'."

"Whenever he could, he put an end to them, as I have said. Thus, both he and Cagliostro were connected with the Order of the Golden Rosy Cross—a psychic reflection of the real Rosicrucianism, although Saint-Germain had hoped to endow the shadow with substance. Its members sympathized with Boehme, were in touch with the Emanation theory of the Kabalah, and there-

fore naturally amalgamated with the Masonic Rite of St. Martin; but the Masonic element, and a connection with the Illuminati of Germany (a Society founded in 1776 by Weishaupt, the purpose of which was purely subversive and evil), 'forced it out of its grooves', as a Masonic authority states, so that in 1792—still quoting him—'it was decided to relieve the members from their vows, and to destroy their archives'. In that case, Saint-Germain must have had one faithful and forceful disciple among them.

"The truth is that the Internationalism and Pacifism so prevalent at the present time, are 'left-overs' from the failure of the Movement in the eighteenth century, and that, therefore, they are encouraged and manipulated by the Black Lodge. It cannot be repeated too often that whenever the White Lodge takes the initiative on this plane, a choice is forced upon mankind. If mankind makes a right choice, incalculable good results; if it makes a wrong choice, the Black Lodge is free to step in and to use the consequences for its own destructive ends."

"Would it not be better, in that case, and in view of the risk", the Inquirer asked, "for the White Lodge never to take the initiative?"

"The Master Christ, in any case, did not think so, for his incarnation itself was a tremendous initiative, and he certainly had faced and accepted the risk, both to himself, the Lodge, and to the world. 'If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin, but now they have no excuse for their sin.' It is not, in other words, that the volume of sin is increased, but that existing sin is brought to the surface, is exposed, and becomes more demonstrative, as it were, on this plane."

"Membership in such a Movement is no small responsibility!" exclaimed the Student.

"I agree with you", the Historian replied. "Our greatest need is to get rid of personal motives, beginning, of course, with all that we do on behalf of, or in connection with, the Movement itself. All betrayals have been due fundamentally to vanity,—ambition its result. There is no safety except in self-understanding and self-discipline, and then in unceasing watchfulness. Many of those who turned aside might have come back, if it had not been for vanity. We shall never really be safe until we become capable of acting from pure and unadulterated love of our Master and his Work—which is the Work of the Lodge. Meanwhile, what a chance if we can be of the smallest service—through the right performance of our daily duties or in any other way—to those great ones whose wisdom and compassion are the sole hope of the race! What a chance if we can help to keep alive, and to perpetuate, a nucleus such as Saint-Germain longed to bequeath to his successor,—a body of people with clear understanding of theosophical principles and of the spirit and purpose of the Lodge, and whose hearts are unselfishly devoted to that purpose, regardless of consequences to themselves! Responsibility, yes; but our opportunity equals it. What more can be said!"

T.

REVIEWS

An Introduction to Egyptian Religion, by Alan W. Shorter; the Macmillan Company, 1932; price, $3.00.

The object of this book, as the author tells us, is to fill a long-felt need of "a short, popular introduction to the religion of ancient Egypt", and this object has been most satisfactorily accomplished. The study is confined almost entirely to the XVIIIth and early XIXth Dynasties, but as this is one of the most brilliant periods in Egypt's history, and also a time which has furnished us with perhaps the fullest records, it is not only a natural but a happy choice. Dr. Shorter does not, of course, attempt to go deeply into origins,—a subject in itself; the book is designed primarily to give, in a clear and concise way, as much information as possible regarding the religious beliefs and practices of the ancient Egyptians. To this end, he quotes freely from the records found on monuments and in papyri; he also follows the excellent plan of furnishing a short bibliography at the end of each chapter, so that the reader (whether he be a casual or a more serious student) may easily continue his researches if he wishes to do so. It is perhaps well to state at the outset, however, that, despite what Dr. Shorter writes as to the "wild surmise" of many people to-day regarding the religion of ancient Egypt, many students of Theosophy probably *do* "still hope to draw great secrets from it", and some may even wonder if the modern "scientific method" is, after all, the one best calculated to make known "the deepest mysteries of Heaven and Earth". May there not be other ways of discovering buried treasure?

There are likely to be many readers, Egyptologists among them, who will not altogether agree with what Dr. Shorter has to say about the much-discussed Akhenaten, to whom a good deal of space is given, though with whom, quite evidently, he has slight sympathy; but it is somewhat difficult to understand the basis for some of the criticisms which the author offers—criticisms both of Akhenaten himself and of the Aten worship in general, for many if not most of these objections could quite as appropriately be applied to other Pharaohs and to other gods, if one wished to do so. We refer, for instance, to the comment regarding the wearing, by Aten, of the uræus. This symbol was, *par excellence* and from earliest times, both royal and divine; all the Pharaohs without exception wore it, and all the greater gods; and why the wearing, by Aten, of this most sacred and most ancient symbol should indicate that to Akhenaten, "the intense individualist", his god "was simply a divine counterpart" of himself, is an argument not easy to follow. It can, moreover, also be said of all the greater gods that they were celestial Rulers, "reigning in Heaven, smiling down benignly on the King of Egypt"—this was by no means peculiar to Aten, nor was there any unusual favouritism connected with it. It represented the hierarchical view of life, and perhaps in no other of the early civilizations is this fundamental truth so ingrained. The Pharaoh was *himself* Egypt; he was the god on earth—as Ra or Aten was the god in heaven—and into his divine person he gathered all the forces of his Kingdom or of his Empire. Because Akhenaten had such a deep adoration for his god that he saw in him the loving Father of all creation, does not of necessity express the idea that Aten in Heaven was merely an *extension* of the Pharaoh on earth—that would be putting the cart before the horse! The Aten worship stressed, exoterically, the unity of life to a degree not hitherto found in Egypt; of the esoteric teaching

at Heliopolis (from whence the Aten worship evidently came), Egyptologists can tell us little or nothing.

Akhenaten has often been called, by those who are not in sympathy with him and his "teaching", a "criminal", a "degenerate", a "madman", an "imbecile", and there is no doubt that, so far as our present knowledge carries us, Akhenaten appears to be open to much censure politically—but are we yet in possession of all the facts? And would a sensual weakling have *dared*, or would he have been *able* "with one stroke to tumble Amon from his throne", as Dr. Shorter states that he was? In reading this book, one regrets the failure to stress more emphatically the disastrous influence of the Priesthood of Amon. Akhenaten fully recognized it as the malign and crafty power that it was, and only a very brave man indeed would have had the courage to attempt to crush it. There are still too many mysteries shrouding the real Akhenaten for us to be over-sure of our ground when attempting to estimate him. Even the long-standing argument that he was obviously hydrocephalous is once more open to question, and even with his detractors; for a recent discovery (subsequent to the publication of Dr. Shorter's book), has made it abundantly evident that the hydrocephalous mummy, for years supposed to be that of Akhenaten, is in reality that of Smenkhkara, a weak and short-lived successor. This, of course, in no way proves that Akhenaten was not also hydrocephalous (for we now realize that his mummy still mercifully remains unmolested), but at least we lack the *proof*, of which some thought themselves possessed, that he *was* so afflicted.

The definite reinstatement of the Amon Priesthood was brought about, after Akhenaten's death, chiefly by the efforts of that excellent, if (from any religious standpoint) very short-sighted man of business, the Pharaoh Horemheb—and Egypt plunged to her doom. The Great Rameses II stemmed the tide so long as he lived, but when his strong hand and far-seeing mind were stilled, nothing could save "the Beloved Land". It was too late. Never again was there anyone who dared face, squarely and unequivocally, the Priesthood of Amon which was now in complete control, and with a monstrous strangle-grip. In his own way, Akhenaten did his utmost to break down the power of Amon; if his fight against it failed, at least he gave all he had in trying to make it a success, and in any case, he gave something to the religion of ancient Egypt which that religion had never had before. We feel therefore, that Dr. Shorter not only undervalues Akhenaten, but gravely undervalues the importance of the unparalleled evil wrought by the Priesthood of Amon. In his opinion of Akhenaten, Dr. Shorter is, however, by no means alone, and his judgment does not really lessen the interest of his book, which can be recommended to all who wish to have a good, general working knowledge of the religion of ancient Egypt. T. D.

They that Take the Sword, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford; William Morrow & Company, New York, 1931; price, $4.00.

Esmé Wingfield-Stratford is a member of an old English family with a distinguished military record. He enlisted at the beginning of the World War and became a Captain in a Kentish regiment. He has an established reputation as a scholar. Such a man should be representative of all that is noble and strong in British life to-day. Unfortunately, he has lost himself in the maze of pacifism, like so many others of his race and caste who failed to rise to the great opportunity which the after-war conditions offered them. It is with a sense of real distress that one turns the pages of his latest work. One has learned to expect anything from economists and clergymen and women with a mission; but one is still shocked by the spectacle of a former soldier who repudiates the sacrifice to which he once gladly consented.

They that Take the Sword contains no pacifist arguments which have not been repeated *ad nauseam;* but it is cited here, partly because it has had an exceptionally large sale, and partly because its facile style is apt to unsettle the ideas of unthinking people. In any case, it provides an opportunity to review once more some of the stock delusions of the pacifists. Those delusions have been spreading recently like a plague, and everyone is exposed, in some degree, to infection.

Every sane and normal person will admit that war, especially in its modern forms, is a terrible thing. Any nation which regards war as an end in itself, or which seeks by war to

increase its power and to take what does not belong to it, is to be placed in the same category as the murderer. But it does not follow that war must be avoided at any cost, just because it is terrible. Above all, it is preposterous to imagine that war can be abolished by an agreement of the more decent nations to disarm. Nothing could be better adapted to please the nations which cherish murderous intentions. One recalls the comment of a respectable citizen during the French Revolution when it was proposed that everyone should give up any weapons which he happened to possess: "*Que messieurs les assassins commencent*".

The pacifist, however, is so obsessed by the physical horrors of war that anything seems preferable to them, even the most abject surrender to the powers of evil. He placates his conscience by refusing to make any distinction between righteous and unrighteous war, or between the spirit of defence and protection, and the spirit of the most brutal aggression. Thus we find Wingfield-Stratford defining war as "the spirit that impels men to devote their energies to one another's destruction" (p. 16). To this principle of conflict he opposes the principle of love, and he concludes that where the love of truth is present in any human debate, there will be no conflict.

There could be no better illustration of the pacifist illusion. Of course, if all men were equally in love with the truth, there would be no war. But all men are not equally in love with the truth, and therefore, wherever the love of truth is, the spirit of conflict will be present. "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." If we really love a person or an ideal, we shall not hesitate to fight to the death to destroy what threatens that which we love. No physical horrors will appal us, for unless love be militant, unless it be a state of the will and not merely a "feeling", it is a thing to be despised, nor has it any right to be called by the name of love. With profound understanding, the ancients represented Venus as the beloved of Mars.

The warfare of nations is only one manifestation of the strife which is universal in Nature. "There was war in Heaven", and there is war among the elements which constitute our earth. Every human being is forced to struggle continuously against the gross suggestions of his own lower nature. The only alternative to this universal strife is surrender and annihilation. If Nature as the custodian of a divine purpose should ever adopt pacificism as an evolutionary method, the Universe would instantaneously dissolve in Chaos.

War is not, as Wingfield-Stratford affirms, "a disease of civilization". It is a purgation bringing to the surface what is hidden from view during most intervals of peace, for during those intervals men tend to forget the fundamentals of their existence and to live superficially. This seems to explain why war makes manifest both the noblest and the vilest qualities of men. It is one of Nature's methods of awakening the soul to a consciousness of its powers, and of forcing the soul to choose between good and evil. But our author has already written his reply to this argument: "An examination into the causes of war reveals that it is by fictions, pious or otherwise, more than by any calculations of material advantage, that men, in the mass, are set at each other's throats" (Preface, p. x). He insinuates in many ways that the ideals of honour, loyalty and self-sacrifice are not the true inspiration of the warrior, that they are hypocritical devices which lend respectability to homicidal mania. The pacifist is a materialist, albeit a soft and squashy one. In spite of his talk about love and brotherhood and humanity, he measures his values in terms of material comfort and ease. The traditional virtues of the warrior, with their emphasis upon discipline and obedience, threaten the physical equilibrium which the pacifist seeks, and because they annoy him, he pretends that such virtues cannot really exist.

In any case this particular pacifist never tires of calling them by bad names. When Great Britain declared war in 1914 after the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, she acted as a nation with any sense of honour, had to act. Wingfield-Stratford, however, mentions Great Britain's declaration of war as an example of "the insane logic of civilized statecraft". This is bad enough, but if possible there is worse. He refers to the "lad from Kent done miserably to death amid the sands of Mesopotamia", as a consequence of that "insane logic". It is one thing to mourn the death of a soldier; it is another thing to sentimentalize over him,

to say that he died miserably, for this implies that he did not prefer death to dishonour. Intentionally or otherwise, a man who makes such statements has insulted the British army in a way which it should be difficult for his former comrades to forget or to forgive.

Indeed, a large part of his book is devoted to the abuse of the soldier. He seems to assume that no man can put on a uniform without being transformed into a brute or a fool or both. He denounces military training on the ground that it kills the spirit of individual initiative,—as if individual initiative were a normal attribute of the civilian. He thinks it absurd that before an officer "can become a thinker, he has got to qualify as a fighter and a leader" (p. 214),—as if the thoughts of anyone who is neither a fighter nor a leader can have any real significance. It would be interesting to find the record in history of any great man of thought whose life was not a long battle against apparently insuperable difficulties. Wingfield-Stratford becomes involved in a tangle of misstatements and inconsistencies, because he virtually bases his whole thesis upon the assumption that the soldier can only be animated by vicious or trivial motives. He has lost the power to discriminate between the criminal militarism of nations like Assyria and Prussia, and the disciplined courage which distinguished Republican Rome and which in modern times has so often preserved France from annihilation.

He is logical enough to express admiration for the pacifist traditions of China and India. However, he does not stress the fact that the present prostrate condition of these two lands is at least partly due to those pacifist traditions. Time after time, the great civilizations of the East have been destroyed by barbarians against whose incursions no precautions, not even the most elementary, had been taken. It should also be pointed out that the greatest period of Indian history, the period of the *Upanishads*, was marked by the supremacy of the Warrior Caste, and that the decline of India has been closely paralleled by the increasing domination of the other castes by the priestly Brahmins. Incidentally, the most famous of all Indian scriptures, the *Bhagavad Gita*, contains this line: "Nothing is better for a warrior than a righteous battle".

One is not surprised that the author looks forward to the future with misgiving. The hurt feelings of the Germans, because they have been blamed for starting the World War, give him pain, and he is moved to tears by the ineffectiveness of the League of Nations. He cannot shake off the sadness inspired by the "victory-drunken Leviathans" (i. e. the Allies) who have not joined "their enemies in making over their rights of aggression and self-defence to a common sovereign" (pp. 357–358). We have not the slightest idea what he is talking about. So far as we know, only one great nation, France, has expressed any willingness to make over its national rights in favour of an international police, and the Germans have not been any more eager than the others to follow the lead of the French. The millennium has obviously not yet arrived.

However, there is no cause to be unreservedly pessimistic about the future of the race. One is still buoyed up by the hope that in Great Britain, France and the United States the Wingfield-Stratfords and their works represent no more than a desquamation of morbid scales from the great body of humanity. S. V. L.

The Legacy of Islam, ed. by Sir Thomas W. Arnold and Alfred Guillaume; Oxford University Press, 1931; price, $3.50.

This book is a very complete and scholarly compendium of information concerning the Mohammedan world in its contact with Christendom. A few of the chapter headings will indicate the method of approach and the ground covered (each chapter being written by a recognized authority on his particular subject): The Crusades, Islamic Minor Arts, Architecture, Literature, Mysticism, Philosophy and Theology, Science and Medicine, Music, and so on. The effort to trace influences in the European life of succeeding centuries opens up a wide field for speculation. The book is thoroughly enjoyable, yet at times it is too limited to the purely mental plane—lacking the fire and glow of the *real* legacy of Islam. This is not true, however, of discussions such as those of art or of mysticism. Mysticism is treated by Professor R. A. Nicholson, whose books on Sufism have been quoted at length in the QUAR-

TERLY, and, as is his custom, he allows the beauty and drawing-power inherent in the subject to speak with its own voice. J. C.

The Ethical Religion of Zoroaster, by Miles Menander Dawson; Macmillan, New York, 1931; price, $2.25.

Mr. Dawson devotes only a short preface to the person of Zoroaster and to the history of Zoroastrianism. His book is composed of quotations from the Sacred Texts, briefly commented upon, and is arranged in chapters dealing with different aspects, passing from God, Ahura Mazda, and the Six Holy Spirits, to rules regulating social life, "advice to the lovelorn", death, resurrection and the Spiritual Life. Mr. Dawson's commentaries are interesting, although his method and style are extremely dry. However, if one follow the advice of Fletcher and masticate each grain of wheat twenty times, one will be thoroughly nourished.

The first Zoroaster is said to have been an Avatar, whose teachings and those of the subsequent Zoroasters—for there seem to have been at least three of them—contain the Mystery Doctrine given by all great spiritual teachers. It is always a joy to recognize what we know of this doctrine, in some form, new, perhaps, to us, but most ancient, loved, meditated upon and practised in other lands by men of other times. The following quotation is an excellent example of this.

It is related that "before the spirits of men set forth upon their wanderings in human bodies, they were consulted by the Most High concerning the course that should be laid out for them, thus: He deliberated with the consciousness, the spirits of men; and the Omniscient Wisdom (Ahura Mazda) coming forth among men, spake thus, 'Which seemeth to you the more advantageous, when I shall present you to the world? That you shall contend in a bodily form with the Druj and the fiend be slain, and in the end I have you prepared again perfect and immortal, and in the end give you back to the world and you will be immortal, incorruptible and changeless; or that it be always necessary to provide you protection from the destroyer?' Thereupon, the spirits of men became of the same opinion with the Omniscient Wisdom about going into the world." ST. C. L. D.

The Golden Thread, by Philo M. Buck, Jr., Professor of Comparative Literature, University of Wisconsin; Macmillan, 1931; price, $4.00.

This book attempts to establish a synthesis of European and some Eastern literature, the Bible, the Koran and the Gîta. Persia, Egypt, and China are not included within its scope. The Greeks recognized a synthesis more comprehensive than of literature alone, and embodied their conviction in the account of Parnassus, the mountain abode of Apollo and the Muses,—the nine holy sisters, who, by imparting their wisdom to mortals, inspire and preside over the Arts, Sciences, and all activities of the human spirit. Shallow and flippant, this book is blind to the true synthesizing force thus pointed out by the Greeks, namely, the *wisdom from above*. Its author writes verbosely of a fictitious force, humanism, which seems to him the thread that makes one pattern of past and present; and he defines humanism, vaguely, as "the essence of urbanity and reason that sees human nature in its largest and richest aspects, and would assign to each of the human faculties its rightful place".

The Greeks had a fable about certain poets who, while singing praise of the Muses, became enamoured of their own voices and forgot the holy sisters. The Muses punished those poets by changing them to grasshoppers who chirp, enamoured, as ever, of their song. That fable is not without instruction in the present instance. It is appalling to think of college students subjected to such a counterfeit of literary interpretation, but doubtless this unchained torrent of words supplies some demand. C.

Humanity Uprooted, by Maurice Hindus; Jonathan Cape and Harrison, 1929; price, $3.50.

Some people like to think of themselves as tolerant and liberal-minded. One of their "parlour-tricks" is to express their keen interest in the "great social experiment" of Bolshevism. It might do them good—though one doubts it—if they were to read the chapter on "The Communist" in Maurice Hindus' *Humanity Uprooted*. Hindus is himself rather tolerant

towards various intolerable aspects of life in Soviet Russia; but no one could argue that his picture of the Russian Communist has been composed with the motive of inducing any normal human being to emigrate to Russia.

When you become a member of the Communist Oligarchy which rules Russia, he says, you must change all your moral values. "You can run away from the pleas of your uncle whom you have condemned to die. You can see in your broken-hearted mother a symbol of bourgeois sentimentality. . . . You can experience a burst of glee at the capture of your own one-armed brother who is your enemy and whom you will help put to death. . . . Aye, . . . you can even help hack to death your own father. . . . You must have audacity and malice. . . . It is hardness that distinguishes the Russian Communist from other radicals and revolutionaries in the world" (pp. 191–192). If he be so distinguished, however, it is not necessarily because he was born in Russia. He has worked consistently and ferociously to harden himself, rigorously disciplining body and mind to that end. He is an adept in the art of hating. His power of hatred has an unearthly intensity, transcending the capacity of the natural man, for the Communist is an abnormal entity, like the masters of black magic whom he resembles and whom he undoubtedly serves, whether he be aware of that fact or not. What makes him so dangerous is that, in his own way, he is an ascetic, and has the concentrated force of the ascetic. He is in deadly earnest and will sacrifice anything, even his own life, to gratify his hatred.

The Communist illustrates what happens when the human principles are turned upside-down. But everything in Soviet Russia is turned upside-down. The state-religion is atheism, the aristocracy is the proletariat, the only respectable marriage is a companionate-marriage, and so on. Hindus suggests that the extraordinary change, almost over night, from Orthodoxy to atheism may be attributed largely to the fact that the Russian peasant had never been really converted to Christianity, that he has always remained a pagan at heart. The atheism which he now professes is not an abstract rationalistic system. It is a sort of feverish emotion into which enter a number of vague mental images. It is an expression of the general spirit of fanaticism which is abroad in the land. The worship of Marx and Lenine is another expression. The dreary Utopia of Karl Marx assumes the contours of the Earthly Paradise in the inflamed fancy of these poor, elemental creatures. The machine has taken the place of the ikon, as the possession of private property has taken the place of the sin against the Holy Ghost.

However, after reading this and other books on the same subject, one comes to the conclusion that it does not matter in the least what the masses in Russia are doing or thinking or feeling. They are as unstable as figures in a dream. Yesterday they were Christians; to-day they are Marxian atheists; to-morrow they may be Mohammedans. What is terribly significant in Russia is the small group of self-conscious Communists. Without any doubt, they are real, live devils, and the sooner the world faces that fact, the better for the world.

S. L.

The English Writings of Richard Rolle—Hermit of Hampole, edited by Hope Emily Allen; Oxford University Press; price, $7.50.

To lovers of devotional literature, it is disappointing to open a volume of Rolle—a poet and a passionate lover of the Master Christ—only to find it printed in 14th Century type, and in a grammatical form which makes it almost unreadable for all except experts. But to those who are willing to dig for their nuggets of inspiration the book is a rare treat.

The key-note of Rolle's mysticism is a profoundly personal relationship with the Western Master—emphasizing his humaneness, and his remoteness from the misconceptions of theological convention and dogma. This is one of the chief characteristics of the cycle that started with the last quarter of the 13th Century. In England the movement headed by Rolle and his immediate followers, Hilton and Juliana of Norwich, rapidly became one of the great formative influences.

Rolle is ever insistent on the intensity of spiritual joy resulting from the life of contemplation,—a life in which "heat, sweetness and song" play so large a part in spite of its inevitable

discipline and suffering. His "Meditations on the Passion" show vividly the essence of his genius and his message. The exuberance of its expression might jar on our more sophisticated ears, in spite of its clear-cut, vigorous imagery and almost modern realism, were it not balanced by the author's expression of a profound sense of the mysteries of his Master's nature. Needless to say, Rolle's message is as tragically needed to-day (if not more so) as it was in the 14th Century.

Miss Allen is a painstaking historian and philologist, but, in spite of her many years of research on Rolle, is not a mystic,—a fact which makes itself felt in her work. This does not lessen our debt to her, however, for making more accessible to modern readers one of the greatest of the English mystics. R. H. B.

Studies in Early Mysticism in the Near and Middle East, by Margaret Smith, M.A., Ph.D.; The Sheldon Press, London, 1931; price, *12s. 6d.*

After an excellent condensed introductory chapter on the "Meaning and Nature of Mysticism", a sketch is given of early Christian asceticism in Egypt, Mesopotamia and Persia up to the seventh century, among both men and women. Many little known figures are characterized, and their writings quoted. Perhaps the genuine mystical attainments of these ascetics might have been stressed, with less space devoted to their penitential exercises, because the net effect of this survey is to make the truly mystical element seem at best an occasional by-product, and not the main point of interest. Subsequent chapters turn to the rise of Islam in an environment predominantly Christian. As a result, Christian asceticism and mysticism are virtually credited with producing Islamic asceticism and Sufi mysticism. Parallel after parallel is drawn between the teaching of the Koran or Sufi doctrine and practice, and earlier or contemporary Christian doctrine and practice. With this thesis the student of Theosophy would hardly be in sympathy, and it is to be regretted that a safe-guarding clause which appears "as our final reflection" only in the last paragraph of the book, did not more largely control the whole study: "Mysticism in its essence . . . is practically universal. . . . Therefore, while one type of mysticism may bear so close a resemblance to another, in its doctrines and terminology, that we say that the two must be closely related and the later in point of time must surely be derived from the earlier, yet mysticism in itself can be a purely spontaneous growth." Orthodox Christian mysticism, whether of East or West, has a distinct flavour of its own; while the genius of the Sufis added one of the most unmistakably characteristic mystical movements in history. In the larger sense, both derived from the Lodge; and who shall say whether or not the same Master guided both schools! One thing is certain, however, as is amply proved by the last two chapters describing some early Sufi mystics and their teachings, with fascinating quotations and incidents: Isaac of Nineveh or Ephraim the Syrian, though they have written of similar inner experience, could not have inspired Bistāmi or al-Misrī.

The best of this book lies in its well selected quotations from less known and obscure mystics, both Christian and Islamic. P.

Zuñi Folk Tales, by Frank Hamilton Cushing; Alfred A. Knopf, New York; price, $5.00.

This is a reprint of a book, for many years unavailable to the general public, which stands as the classic collection of Amerindian folk tales. The years which Cushing spent at Zuñi, living actually as one of the tribe, and his veritable genius of understanding, fitted him above all other archæologists or translators to interpret the thought and special quality of this primitive people. As pointed out by Mary Austin in her finely appreciative introduction, the book should be read in connection with his *Creation Myths*, for always there is present in his mind, as in the minds of his Indian informants, a background of sacred myth, involving a cosmogony, a Creator and a company of Surpassing Beings, with profoundly mystical prototypes for every essential movement of man's soul. To the orthodox Indian the tales bear somewhat the same relation to the central myth that *Paradise Lost* does to the Old Testament; they are popular, fictionized versions of sacred story, but not themselves sacred. To quote Miss Austin:

"Taken in this conjunction there comes also a fuller appreciation of the purely literary quality of the translation, the success with which he has kept the normal progressions, the rhythm-clusters of the original speech, as well as the formal notations of introduction and close. Here are the keys to polite behaviour in the Stone Age, such as 'It is not thinking of nothing that a stranger comes to the house of a stranger', which permits the caller to open his business; here are the significant oaths such as 'by the delight of death', together with the colour and gesture and strange observances of a vanished race.

"His fidelity to such values sustains his work above that of all his contemporaries, for not only does he make no attempt to popularize his Indian stories by conforming them to European folk-lore patterns, but he never yields to that curious obsession of the American scholar which leads him to regard all æsthetic considerations as 'embellishments', 'figures of speech' or 'emotional interpretations'."

It will add interest for QUARTERLY readers to recall that Cushing's insight into Zuñi life is cited by Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, and that there is an article in the February, 1893, number of *Lucifer* compiled from articles contributed by him to the San Francisco newspapers during the years of his residence in the Southwest. E. A.

God and the Universe, The Christian Position, a Symposium by Rev. S. C. Carpenter, B.D., Father M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., M.A., Rev. Bertram Lee Woolf, Ph.D., M.A., B.Sc., B.D.; with an Introduction by the editor, J. Lewis May. The Dial Press, 1931; price, $2.50.

This is a capital book, exceedingly well written, clear, suggestive, and designed to meet the latest claims and pretensions of "Science"—or rather of some scientists—to speak "authoritatively" on matters of religion and philosophy. Dr. Carpenter is an Anglican, Chaplain to the King; Father D'Arcy, a Jesuit, teaches at Oxford; Dr. Woolf, a Methodist, is a professor of New Testament exegesis and lecturer "in science and religion" at the University of London. The first essay rivals Jeans and Eddington at their best in clearness of exposition by means of analogy and illustration, and tops them in brilliance of wit and humour. The point of view and general attitude will remind any student of Theosophy of the position maintained by Madame Blavatsky towards science from the time of *Isis* on, and especially in *The Secret Doctrine*. Science deliberately limits itself on the one hand; and then, when its problems remain insoluble on the basis of premises acceptable to it, tries to find a way out by means of a philosophical rationale and even an intellectualized religion, which still derives as nearly as possible from its own limited terms. The sages, the mystics, above all Christ, have known and understood the "scientific" approach, and have seen its limitations,—without, of course, having known all the detail that modern science has discovered. Instead of the scientific method, they have offered, even to the most ordinary of men, their own higher order of experience as a guide to the true solution of life's riddles. Those who have lived the life, will know the doctrine. Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Woolf do not circumscribe this "revelation" itself as Father D'Arcy is bound to do, because the Church of Rome still claims emphatically to have exclusive rights to the recognition of fundamental religious truths, and also to their explicit and accurate statement. His essay is deftly written, and glides swiftly around some of the major points at issue, so that it suffers by comparison, in being inevitably driven towards special pleading. Dr. Woolf gives an admirably succinct statement of "other ways of reaching truth beside the scientific method"—such as a lover finding out about the girl by whom he is attracted; and therefore out-flanks science when it attempts to trespass in the domains of religion and philosophy.

So much of what is here set forth is a restatement in its own modern terms of teachings fundamentally theosophical, that members may well wish to read the book, both as a supplement to their own studies, and as a tribute—albeit unconscious—to the pioneer work that Madame Blavatsky accomplished in breaking open the moulds of both theology and science.

A.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 368.—*Will everyone belong to the Lodge eventually, or only those who wish to work for humanity, others being engaged in other work?*

ANSWER.—The general wording of the question suggests that the questioner had in mind some remotely future Manvantara. Why bother now about the time when there may be no humanity to work for, in the sense in which to-day we speak of humanity? Suppose we view the question in its more immediate application. The Great Lodge of Masters works for the salvation of mankind. In so working we are told that the Elder Brothers take into account Cyclic law, the law of Karma, and the right of man to exercise free will. No man is *pressed* into serving the purpose of the Lodge. Each is given the opportunity, when ready, to choose to serve the Lodge or not. In that sense, eventually everyone will be given the *opportunity to belong* to the Lodge, and to help in its work. The countless ages this will take can be imagined from man's indifference to the many efforts the Lodge already has made to awaken him to a sense of his own divinity. Take the present situation for example. Thanks to Madame Blavatsky and to others who have guided the affairs of The Theosophical Society, a knowledge of the existence of the Lodge is in the world to-day. Witness how few people have any interest in it. Yet only about half a century ago Madame Blavatsky and her declaration of the existence of the Lodge was "feature" news in the daily papers, so that all who ran might read; still man remained too engrossed in his own little concerns to bother about fitting himself to be of aid to the Elder Brothers in working for the benefit of others.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The third fundamental proposition laid down in the "Proem" of *The Secret Doctrine* is: "The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, and the obligatory pilgrimage of every Soul through the Cycle of Incarnation, or Necessity, in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic Law, during the whole term, . . . ascending through all the degrees of intelligence, from the lowest to the highest Manas, from mineral and plant, up to the holiest Archangel [Dhyâni-Buddha]."

It is the Soul's opportunity to achieve this identity, which will constitute him a member of the Lodge, which consists of those who have attained to conscious identity with the Universal Over-Soul, and is a Hierarchy of ascending degrees, from the humblest chêla to the highest Adepts, Masters and Mahâ-Chohans. Those who take themselves in hand, as aspirants to chêlaship, can take a short-cut to the Lodge by hastening the process of evolution through self-induced discipline, endeavour and unselfish devotion to the interests of others. The Souls of those who are engaged in "other work" than the interests of the Lodge—work which cannot be other than selfish—must wait until the Cycle of Incarnation and Necessity, spoken of in the "Proem", brings them, in company with the mass of mankind, to the fulfilment of Nature's purpose. This does not mean, however, that a personality may not become separated from the "Soul", if the individual persists in refusing to co-operate with the Lodge, and continues to live wholly under the domination of the personality, or lower nature.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—Being "engaged in other work" is a somewhat ambiguous phrase. There are as many ways of working for the Lodge as there are of working for humanity, these being, even if unconsciously done, to some extent the same. Unless one definitely and intentionally works *against* the Lodge, one may surely hope some day definitely and with conscious singleness of purpose to become a worker *for* and *with* the Lodge, and so to "belong to the Lodge". For may it not be that he who is not wilfully working contrary to its laws, its purposes and its aims, may be thought of as at least working for the Lodge *potentially*, since the normal human evolutionary trend is upward, not downward? T. A.

ANSWER.—It may be suggested that "eventually" there will be no "other work." Those who will have no desire to work for humanity will find themselves with nothing to do. Nature has her appointed methods for getting rid of useless drones. S. V.

ANSWER.—This question implies that Masters, members of the Lodge, work only for humanity. Masters are the incarnation of the Divine, the instruments for the carrying out of the Divine plan. We may safely assume that they are interested in all of that plan, which, in its infinite compassion, provides for the ultimate evolution of every atom in the universe. M.

ANSWER.—The Lodge is the expression of the Divine Purpose and Divine Mind for our world. Those who fail ultimately to co-operate with the Divine Purpose and Divine Mind, will presumably have to begin all over again in some future Manvantara as star-dust, or whatever the equivalent may then be,—having first undergone the process of degeneration and disintegration which will reduce them to that state. Immortality is conditional, is an achievement. Nothing short of the Eternal is eternal, and only self-identification with the Will of the Eternal can make any of its manifestations, including the Soul, immortal. H.

QUESTION NO. 369.—*We are told that the soul acquires more power as soon as it can be trusted with it. Why then do so many people have powers which they abuse?*

ANSWER.—To say that the soul acquires more power as soon as it can be trusted with it, does not mean that powers are only given when there is no risk of misuse. Otherwise, since we all have free will, we should all be powerless, for all power is divine in origin, and is a gift from above. Anyone, up to the grade of a Master, may fail and, in the exercise of his free will, may misuse the powers entrusted to him. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Have we not rather been told—at least, has it not been implicit in what has been said—that the soul is entrusted with more power when it has earned the right to severer and more searching tests? For being entrusted with power does not of necessity give assurance that we shall be faithful to that trust. A king may invest one of his subjects with a new authority, or a general call on one of his officers to fill some new post of responsibility, but the man may not prove loyal to the faith that is placed in him. History is full of failures of this kind. With every "trust" there is always a risk, and this risk the Lodge, in its divine compassion for us, is willing to take. A man may appear to be wholly trustworthy, but the only way to prove it is to test him—for each of us has the power of choice between what we know to be right and what, equally, we know to be wrong. It has been said that even the Masters stand watching us to see what we shall do with our opportunities, and we have been told repeatedly that one of the surest as well as one of the severest tests of trustworthiness is the use to which "powers" are put—whether they are consecrated unreservedly to the service of the Whole, or used merely for separate, personal ends.

There is an apprenticeship to all trades, during which the applicant is given the chance to show the stuff of which he is made. In days of old, an apprentice to the Arts and Crafts first received painstaking instruction in the use of his tools, after which he was given these tools and told to demonstrate what he could and would do with them. Upon the result of this and

later trials, depended his future. May not this method also be followed in our apprenticeship to the greatest of all arts—the Art of Life? T. A.

ANSWER.—Before men were endowed with Manas they were held blameless for their omissions and commissions, and, therefore, probably were considered as trustworthy enough to use rightly the power which they received with the gift of mind and free will. But after receiving the power they were held responsible for their use of it. By misusing it they became *un*trustworthy. When they have reclaimed it, rightly use it, and demonstrate their need and sincerity, they will be trusted again and receive a fresh access of power.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The soul is not a machine. It may earn the right to be trusted, but it has free-will and cannot be compelled to use its powers rightly. It may even enter the sanctuary like a thief and take what does not belong to it. Spiritual evolution is not an automatic process, but a drama from which the soul is at every moment free to withdraw. According to universal tradition, high treason and failure are possibilities even among the "gods". S. L.

ANSWER.—Spiritual "power" is the result of effort and growth. We may have earned the right to more "power" through some merit gained in a previous incarnation, and lose it afterward in the same or a later incarnation through failure completely to overcome some weakness. This applies to all stages of development. All of us have a large measure of spiritual power,—many of us more than we realize. Man has been given free will, the right use of which is his only hope of spiritual attainment. By yielding to selfishness, self-will and self-indulgence, we make wrong use of the gift of free will and other spiritual powers—the "fire from Heaven" which we have stolen. Just as steam and electricity are put to useful purposes when kept under control, but are dangerous when uncontrolled, so with spiritual powers. When we have learned to control and use them properly, we gain in spiritual strength and stature; when they are uncontrolled and put to wrong and selfish uses, the lower nature grows and flourishes at the expense of the Higher. What most of us need is not to gain more "power", but to use rightly what we have. G. H. M.

QUESTION NO. 370.—*In what way, as was said at a recent meeting of The Theosophical Society, can the imagination and will create objectively?*

ANSWER.—The Universe was created by Divine Ideation manifesting itself. "As above, so below". How does the artist create? He forms a picture in his mind of an object, its shape, colour, etc., and objectifies it on his canvas. A composer hears interiorly the melodies his imagination conceives, and objectifies them through the medium of a musical instrument. The imagination and will can be developed in the routine of every-day life. For example, we may come into daily contact with a personality which irritates us. In the morning we can make a mental picture or mould of our day, as we would wish it to be lived ideally. Our contact with this hitherto irritating personality can be pictured in advance, and a resolution made that we will not allow our personality to be irritated; but to be entirely successful the image formed and the resolution made should include a positive attitude of identifying ourselves with the higher and better part of us,—the ideal which we had pictured to ourselves in the morning. The adoption of some such practice would enable us to use the imagination and will consciously and constructively, instead of allowing ourselves to indulge in mere idle fancy, to be followed by no positive action,—a course which eventually would result in a weakening of the will. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—To "create objectively" in the manner referred to at the recent T. S. meeting would mean that both the imagination and the will of the individual who so created were far more evolved and therefore far more dynamic than is the case with the average man. This is surely in accordance with the Good Law, for did those of us who are still in a very

unevolved state, spiritually and morally, possess the power so to create, we might very well find ourselves drifting into the sorcery of the Atlanteans, and we should do well to remember that, as a matter of fact, we are "creating" to a greater or less degree (according to our powers) all the time, so that our responsibility is immense. The basis of the example recently given, however, lies in the understanding and use of Kriyashakti, "the mysterious power of thought which enables it to produce external, perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy" (*S. D.* Vol. I, p. 293). *The Secret Doctrine* gives us much information regarding Kriyashakti, but it could surely be only as the result of very deep meditation, together with right living, that so profound a subject as this would have for most of us any real light shed upon it. A purely mental understanding or exoteric explanation could be partial only.

T. A.

ANSWER.—Mr. Judge tells as follows of an interesting experience he had with H.P.B. on the working of the will and imagination: "One day H. P. Blavatsky said she would show me precipitation in the very act. She looked fixedly at a certain smooth piece of wood and slowly on it came out letters which at last made a long sentence. It formed before my eyes and I could see the matter condense and pack itself on the surface. All the letters were like such as she would make with her hand, just because she was making the image in her brain and of course followed her own peculiarities. But in the middle, one of the letters was blurred and, as it were, all split into a mass of mere colour as to part of the letter. 'Now here', she said, 'I purposely wandered in the image, so that you could see the effect. As I let my attention go, the falling substance had no matrix and naturally fell on the wood any way without shape'" (*The Path*, December, 1892). Thus we see the trained imagination makes the picture, or mould, clearly, distinct in each line and detail; this mould is then held by the will, now working with the imagination, for such a time as it takes to allow the carbons and other substances to pass down through the mould and appear upon the paper. R. P.

ANSWER.—Suppose we desire to make a drawing. We must use our imagination to create an image. We must use our will to direct our hands to form that drawing according to that image. We cannot use any physical instrument otherwise. Surely, it is not difficult to conceive of a state in which one could act upon matter without the intermediary of physical hands, using desire, imagination and will directly upon the physical elements. Indeed, we do so every day without realizing it. If we desire and imagine something, do we not form a condition of consciousness which influences our circumstances? It is because of this that we seek to control and elevate this consciousness. We have always been told that consciousness, force and matter are one. How can we possibly *not* use will and imagination to create objectively or subjectively? ST. C. LA D.

ANSWER.—Well-ruled imagination and will co-ordinated, if sustained, cannot help but create objectively. When the child builds a snow-man he uses what he has of imagination and will, for the object must have been imagined and the will used to build it. When the architect designs a memorial, for example, the complete structure must live in his imagination first, and then the will be used to carry out the design. So the aspirant for chêlaship must imagine how a chêla thinks, speaks, acts, and then use the will to make the chêla of his imagination live, by going about "the Father's business" in such a way as to mould himself into the likeness of the chêla of his imagination. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The only way we can create is by the use of imagination and will, whether that which we are to create be a picture, a house, a great business, or anything else. It must first be imagined, seen as desirable, and then the will must take whatever steps may be necessary to give it objective form.

The right use of the power of imagination and will to create objectively is to imagine the ideal, and then, by the use of the will, to give it objective form in one's life through acting in accordance with it. M.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 30th, 1932, beginning at 10: 30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10: 30 a. m. and 2: 30 p. m. At 8: 30 p. m. there will be a meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are invited.

6. On Sunday, May 1st, at 4: 30 p. m., tea will be served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and the friends they wish to invite.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 15th, 1932.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between Eighth Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There are meetings on,—

April 2nd, 16th and 30th (Convention Meeting).
Meetings after Convention to be announced later.

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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